

PERSIAN TALES

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PERSIAN TALES.

Togrubey, formerly king of *Casmire*, had two children; a son and a daughter. The prince's name was *Farrukrouz*, a young hero, adorned with every good quality. His sister, *Farruknaz* was exceeding beautiful, and might very well pass for a *Venus*: Nay, she was so superlatively fair, and her looks so bewitching, that she inspired love into all men who beheld her; whose passions proved fatal; for most of them lost their senses, or fell into despair, which imperceptibly occasioned their destruction.

Whenever she went abroad to take the diversion of hunting, she appeared unveiled. The people followed her in numbers, and expressed the great pleasure, with which they were affected at

the sight of her, by their loud acclamations. She commonly rode on a white *Tartarian* horse, speckled with crimson spots, in the midst of a hundred slaves, that were all likewise unveiled, and mounted on black horses; who, altho' they might every one of them pass for women of uncommon beauty; yet their mistress alone, engaged the attention of all the spectators. Every person was eager to approach her, regardless of the number of guards with which she was encompassed. The soldiers, with drawn sabres, could not keep the croud at a distance. In vain they wounded! In vain they killed those who approached too near her; a fresh supply of unfortunate gazers continually succeeded, and seemed to die with pleasure under the eyes of the princes.

Togrulbey, much affected with the calamities which were drawn upon his subjects by the charms of *Farruknaz*, resolved to keep her from the sight of men. Accordingly, he commanded her, not to stir out of the palace; so that she was no more seen by the people. Nevertheless, the report of her surprising beauty, was industriously spread over all the east. Kings and princes were enamoured by the voice of fame, In a short time intelligence was brought to *Cas-*

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mihr, that all the courts of *Asia* were sending ambassadors, to demand the princess in marriage. Before they arrived, she dreamed a dream, which gave her an aversion to all men in general. In her sleep she saw a stag taken in the toils, and disentangled by a hind; the same hind, soon after falling into the like snare, instead of being assisted, was by the same stag abandoned.

Farruknaz awaking, was exceedingly affected with her dream; and looked upon it to be ominous. She imagined the great *Kesaya* himself was instrumental to her destiny; that he intended, by these prefaces, to make her believe, that all men were traitors, and repaid the tenderness and affection of the female sex with flight and ingratitude.

Prepossessed with these notions, and dreading her being given up to some one of the princes, whose ambassadors were daily expected, *Farruknaz* applied to the king her father; and without telling him, how much her heart was set against men, conjured him upon her knees, never to dispose of her in marriage against her own consent. *Togrulbey*, moved by her tears, replied, "No, daughter, I will never force your inclination;

"and tho' it is usual to marry persons of your quality, without consulting them, I swear by *Kesaya*, that no prince, not even the heir of the *Sultan* of the *Indies*, shall ever espouse you without your consent." The princess, well acquainted with the solemnity of this oath, retired with a joyful heart; but at the same time determined within herself never to marry.

Soon after, ambassadors arrived from several courts. Every one pleaded the alliance of his principal, and boasted the superior merit of the prince, whom he was sent to propose. *Togrulbey* behaved with great politeness to all of them; but declared to them at the same instant, that his daughter's hand was at her own disposal; and he had sworn by *Kesaya*, that he would not give her in marriage against her own inclination. The princess having previously resolved to refuse all offers, the ambassadors returned full of concern for the ill success of their embassy.

Togrulbey observing they departed with grief, began to be apprehensive his daughter's obstinacy would induce their respective masters to become his enemies, and reflecting that the oath he hath taken might occasion a future war, he instantly

stantly sent for his daughter's nurse. "*Satlumemè*, "says he, I must tell you, I'm under great uneasiness, on account of my daughter's conduct. What can be the reason of her aversion to marriage? "Have you instilled into her these notions; speak?" My leige, replies the nurse, I am no enemy to man; and this aversion of her's proceeds from a dream. A dream! says the king, much surprised! "What is it you tell me? and pausing a while, he "adds, no, no, I can't believe you. No dream "could ever have the power to make so strong an "impression upon her." The nurse hereupon told him the dream, adding, this, my lord, this is the dream which so strongly works upon the prince's imagination.

The king's amazement increased by this discourse, not being able to conceive, how the foregoing dream could so powerfully operate upon the disposition of *Farruknaz*. My dear *Satlumemè*, says he, how shall we contrive to conquer this distrust, with which the mind of the prince is prepossessed? Is it possible to bring her to reason? My lord, says she, leave the management of this affair to me, and doubt not of success, "By what "means do you propose to bring it about, says "*Togrulbey*?" I have furnished my memory, re-

plies the nurse, with a great variety of entertaining stories, the relating of which will not only divert the princess, but at the same time take off the ill opinion she has conceived of man. By shewing her that there have been many faithful lovers; she shall insensibly be made to believe, there are such still living in the world. The king approved the project; and the nurse had nothing now to do, but to find out the most favourable opportunities of putting it into practice.

Farruknaz commonly passed the afternoon with her father, the prince her brother, and all the princesses of the court, to hear the slaves who lived in the palace sing and play upon all manner of musical instruments. *Satlunemè*, therefore, thought the morning the most proper season for her design, and fixed upon those hours, which the princesses set apart for bathing: accordingly, the day following, as soon as *Farruknaz* went into the bath, the nurse addressing her, said, I have a story replete, with events of an extraordinary nature; if my princess will allow me to tell it for her entertainment, I doubt not but it will prove diverting. The princess, not so much to satisfy her own curiosity, as to oblige her women, who begged to hear the story, ordered *Satlunemè*

Satlunemè

lumemè to begin, which she did in manner following.



The History of ABOULCASEM of BASRA.

It is allowed by all historians that the *Califf Haroun Arraschid* would have been the most polite, as well as the most powerful prince of his time, if he had not been insupportably vain, and much addicted to anger. He would frequently say, there was no prince in the universe had so much generosity as himself.

Giafar, his prime visier, no longer able to bear his vain boasting, took the liberty of accusing him thus: My lord and sovereign! Monarch of the earth! let not your slave offend you, in representing to you the folly of praising yourself. Leave this to the strangers, that croud to your court, and to your own subjects. Let them tell forth your good qualities. Let it content you, that the last of these are proud of being born in your dominions; and that the first look upon it as their greatest happiness to have quitted their native country, and live under your protection.

Haroun provoked at the visier's speech, looked at him with an angry countenance, and demanded of him to say, whether he knew any prince to compare with him for generosity. Yes, my lord, answered the visier, there is a young man in the city of *Basra*, whose name is *Aboulcasem*, who, tho' a private person, yet lives in greater magnificence than your majesty, and is more generous. At this the califf's eyes sparkled with indignation. Art thou ignorant, says he, that a subject who tells his sovereign a lye, is guilty of death. I speak the thruth, replies *Giasar*. The last time I was at *Basra*, I saw this person, and went to his palace, where, my eyes, tho' accustomed to view your treasures, were astonished at his riches; where my soul was charmed with his generous behaviour. At these words *Arraschid* became outrageous, and raising his voice, insolent slave, says he, to bring a private man into comparison with me! Your impudence shall not go unpunished: then making a sign for the captain of his guards to advance, he commanded him to seize the visier, and retired to the apartment of his wife, the princess of *Zobeide*, who observing him in a rage, said, My lord, What is the matter? Who has caused your anger? He informed her of all that happened, and complained of his minister's insolence. The queen,

a princess of great discretion, represented to him, that he ought to stifle his resentment for a while, and send somebody to *Basra*, to enquire into the truth of the matter. If it proved false, the visier should be punished; if otherwise, it would be unjust to treat him as a criminal.

The califf's anger was thus abated. He approved of *Zobeide's* advice, and said, I will yet do more. The person whom I intrust with this affair, may, perhaps, have an aversion to *Giasar*, and impose upon me; I therefore will myself go to *Basra* incog. and know the truth; I can get acquainted with this young man, whose generosity is so notorious, and if what has been related proves true in fact, I will heap favours upon my minister; but I swear if he has advanced what is not true, his life shall pay for it. *Arraschid*, pursuant to this resolution, went privately from his palace by night, mounted a horse, and began his journey, without suffering any of his courtiers to attend him. When he came to *Basra*, he put up at the first inn he met with, where he was received by a grave old host. Father, says he, is it true, that there dwells in this city a young man, whose name is *Aboulcassem*, who surpasses emperors for his grandeur and generosity? Yes, sir, answers the host.

host. If i had a hundred mouths, and every mouth as many tongues, I should not be able to tell all his generous actions. The califf weary with his journey, and wanting sleep, betook himself to his bed.

He rose early the next morning, and walked about the city till the sun arose. At length coming to a taylor's shop, he enquired for the dwelling of *Aboulcassim*. Whence come you, says the taylor? You must be an entire stranger in *Basra*, indeed! not to know *Aboulcassim's* house, which is better known than the palaces of kings. The califf answered, I am an utter stranger; and know no soul in the city: You will oblige me, in sending one of your domesticks to shew me the way to this great man's house. The taylor instantly order'd one of his apprentices to conduct him thither. The mansion was very large, built of hewn stone, with a portal of green marble. The prince entering the court, saw a great number, as well slaves as freemen, diverting themselves at their sports, while they waited their master's orders. He called up one of them, and said, Brother, I request you to go and tell your lord, that a stranger desires to speak with him. The slave seeing that *Haroun* was no mean person, ran to his master,

ster, who immediately came into the court to receive the stranger, took him by the hand, and led him into a spacious hall. Here the califf said to this young man, whom he had heard so well spoken of; "Sir, I came hither on purpose to see, "whether you deserved the encomiums which are "so lavishly bestowed." *Aboulcassim* very modestly replied to his Compliment, and seating him upon a sofa, demanded from what country he came, What was his profession, and where he lodged? The emperor made answer; I am a merchant of *Bagdad*, and have taken up my lodging at the first inn which I came to on my entering into the city.

After a short conversation, there enter'd into the Hall twelve white pages, who carried vases of agate, and rock crystal, enriched with precious stones, and filled with the most exquisite liquors. They were followed by twelve she-slaves, extremely beautiful, some of which had in their hands *China* basons, heaped up with various fruits and flowers; others bore boxes of gold, containing preserves of a delicate flavour. The pages tasted the liquors before they delivered them to the califf. He tasted of them, and tho' he had been before acquainted with the most delicious liquors

quors which were produced in the east, he confessed, he had never tasted the like. Dinner at hand, *Aboulcasem*, conducted the stranger into another apartment, where there was a table furnished with the choicest dishes, served up in gold-plate.

Dinner over, the young man took the califf by the hand, and led him into a third room, more richly adorned than the two former. He had scarcely seated himself, before there came in a vast number of golden vessels, enriched with diamonds, and filled with all sorts of wines, accompanied with chargers of *China*, full of dry sweet-meats. While the prince and his host regaled themselves with the most exquisite wines, singers and minstrels entered and a consort of music began, with which *Herouin* was transported. "I have says he, (aside) in my own palace, very extraordinary voices, but must confess, they are not comparable to these; but I'm astonished to comprehend, how a private Person should be able to bear the expence of this magnificence." The prince more particularly attentive to one voice, with the sweetness of which he was ravished; *Aboulcasem* left him, but returned in a Moment, with a wand in one Hand, in the other a tree, the trunk of which was of massy
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Silver; the branches and leaves of emerald, and the fruit, with which the branches were loaded, was rubies. The poutraiture of a peacock, finely wrought in gold, was placed upon the top of the tree, whose body was filled with amber, aloes, and other rich perfumes. This tree, he placed at the feet of the emperor, and with his wand touched the peacock's head, who, instantly spread out his wings and tail, whirling round with surprising velocity: As he moved round, the perfumed effluvia issued from the pores of his body, and dispersed grateful odours around the room.

Now the califf's attention was wholly employed on the peacock and the tree; but observing his steady attention, *Aboulcassem* carried them suddenly away. *Arraschid*, a little provoked at his host's behaviour, and reflecting upon the cause of it, imagined that *Giasar* was mistaken in him, when he gave him the character of a polite and generous young gentleman.

While his thoughts were busied in this manner, *Aboulcassem* returned into the hall, and brought with him a little page, who was exceedingly beautiful, and arrayed in cloth of gold embroidered with pearls and diamonds, who held in his

his hand a cup made out of a single ruby, full of wine of a purple colour. He was ordered to approach the califf, where prostrating himself upon the floor, he presented to him the cup, which the prince accepted, and drank, and returned it to the page: But to his great surprize perceived that it still continued as full as it was before. He instantly took it back again, and drank it up; but on its being returned to the page, saw it full again.

Heroïn amazed at this Incident, forgot the tree and the peacock; and desired to know by what means this wonder could be effected. *Aboulcassim* only replied, that the cup was the handywork of an experienced sage, who had dived into the arcana of nature; and taking the page by the hand, led him off, and left the prince a second time abruptly. The califf displeased, though within himself, that the young man was certainly touched in his brain; to bring him curiosities, which he took pleasure in looking at, and instantly snatch them away from his sight. Well, *Giafar*, says he to himself, I will teach you to make a better judgment of mankind! He began now to think meanly of his host, when he entered a third time; followed by a damsel covered with jewels of all kinds, whose beauty by far excelled her attire.

fire. The califf was struck with amazement at the sight of so divine an object. On making her obeysance, and drawing nearer, she charmed him still more. He bid her sit down; and *Aboulcassim* called for a lute, which was made of the wood of aloes and santal, of ivory and ebony. He put the instrument into her hand, which the fair slave play'd upon so exquisitely fine, that *Heroün*, who was himself a good judge, cried out in excess of passion; Oh! young man! how worthy of envy is thy situation! even the commander of the faithful is not so happy! But as soon as *Aboulcassim* perceived that his guest was so much delighted with the damsel, he led her off likewise. This gave the califf fresh occasion for resentment. He could scarce contain himself within due bounds; however, on the young gentleman's return, they passed the time agreeably enough till sun-setting; when *Harün* said to him; "Sir, I admire your behaviour: I am confounded at the entertainment you have given me: Give me leave to retire: I wish you a good repose." *Aboulcassim* bowed with an air of condescension, and without opposing his intention in the least, waited upon him to the door, and asked his pardon for not entertaining him according to his quality.

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As the califf was returning to his inn, contemplating the magnificence in which *Aboulcassim* lived, he seemed very much to call his generosity in question; and thought the visier had no reason to make the aforesaid comparison: For, said he, has this man made me the least present? Tho' I was lavish in the commendation of the tree, of the cup, of the page, and of the damsel. My admiration certainly ought to have caused him to make an offer of one of 'em. This man, I perceive, has no other quality but ostentation: 'Tis true, he takes pleasure in shewing his riches; but for what reason? Why, only to gratify his pride and vanity: I am not at present inclined to pardon *Giasar* for the lye he imposed upon me.

Big with these reflections, he enters the inn: But how great was his surprize! He there found several pieces of rich tapestry, magnificent tents, pavilions, a great number of slaves, and freemen, fine horses, mules, and camels; and more valuable to him than all these, the tree, the peacock, the beautiful slave with the lute, and the little page with the cup.

All the servants prostrated themselves before him, and the damsel presented to him a roll of silk paper, in which was wrote as follows:

“Oh!

“Oh! my dear, my amiable guest, whom I have not as yet the honour to know. I’m fearful I have not received you with that regard which is your due. In your own goodness, let me implore you to forget and forgive all faults I have been guilty of in my entertainment, and not punish me with the refusal of those trifles I herewith send you. The tree, the cup, the peacock, the page, and the little slave, were your’s of course, because you admired them; for when any thing pleases my guests, it is no longer mine, but from that moment becomes their own property.”

When the califf had read this letter, he began to applaud the liberality of his host, and was convinced within himself, that he had judged too rashly. Millions of blessings, said he, fall upon *Ginjar*! To him alone I owe my reformation! Ah! *Haroun*, pride thyself no more in thy magnanimity! No more boast of thy generosity! One of thy own subjects excels thee in both! But reflecting how a private person should be able to make such presents, he thought it necessary to ask, how *Aboulcasem* came by such vast riches, and resolved not to return to *Bagdad* before he was satisfied in this particular. How comes it to pass,

says

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‘Oh!

says he, that a subject should live in greater affluence than his sovereign?

Resolved to satisfy his curiosity, he leaves all his domesticks at the inn, and hastens to the young man's house, where, finding him alone, Oh! too generous *Aboulcassim*, says he, the presents you have made me are of so considerable value, that I fear, by accepting them, I shall abuse your good nature. Permit me, therefore, to return them, and accompany me to *Bagdad*, where I will publish your greatness of soul, and unparalleled magnificence.

Sir, says *Aboulcassim*, with a dejected look, if you refuse my presents, some of my actions have given you offence. No, replies the prince; heaven be witness that I am charmed with your politeness; but your presents are too costly. They surpass even those of kings; and if you will be advised by me, reflect that your wealth may one day fail, from your boundless generosity. Sir, answered the young man smiling, I'm overjoyed to find that you do not refuse my presents on account of any misbehaviour of mine, with regard to you: To make you, therefore, more inclinable to accept of them, I must inform you, that

I can every day give away the like, and far richer, without any personal inconvenience. You, perhaps, may be amazed at this Assertion; but your wonder will cease, when you hear the adventures of my life.

Here he led *Heroün* into an apartment a thousand times richer than any he had before entered. The room was exquisitely perfumed. At the upper end there was erected a throne of massy gold, with silk tapestry before the foot-stool. *Arreschid* now fancied himself in the palace of some more powerful monarch. The young man obliged him to mount the throne, and seating himself by his side, he began the account in the words following.



The Life and Adventures of ABOULCASEM.

My father was a jeweller of *Cairo*, whose name was *Abdelaziz*. He had amassed vast riches; and fearing that he might one day fall a sacrifice to the avarice of the sultan of *Egypt*, he quitted his native country, and settled here, where he married the only daughter of the wealthiest merchant in this city. Of this marriage I am the sole

issue, and by inheriting all my father's riches, together with my mother's, after their decease, I found myself exceedingly opulent. I was very young when they died, and finding I had enough to gratify the prodigality of my temper, I was so very extravagant, that in less than three years I spent my whole patrimony. Then, Sir, I began, tho' too late, to be sensible of my error. After this, I quitted *Basra*, determining to retire elsewhere, and spend the remainder of my days in obscurity. I imagined my deplorable situation would be more supportable among strangers than among my acquaintance. Accordingly I sold my house, and joined myself to a caravan of merchants, with whom I went as far as *Moussel*; from thence to *Damas*; and arrived at last at *Grand Cairo*. On my first entrance, the beauty of the houses, with the grandeur of the mosques, caused my surprize; but soon reflecting that I now was in the city where my father was born, tears trickled down my cheeks: I sigh'd deeply, and said to myself; Oh! my father, was you now alive to see the wretched condition of your son, in that very place where you enjoyed a fortune to be envied, how vast must be your grief!

Big with these reflections which pierced my very soul, I went to the banks of the *Nile*, and found myself behind the sultan's palace, where I saw a young lady in the window, with whose beauty I was charmed. I gazed, she perceived it, and retired. Night approaching, I took a lodging in the neighbourhood. I had little sleep; the beauteous object was always before me, and I became deeply enamour'd of her. I wish'd a thousand times I had never seen her, and that she had never seen me. The day following I placed myself again under her window; but she did not appear. This caused me great anxiety, but did not in the least discourage my intention. The day after I returned again, and was more successful. She appeared, and seeing my eyes earnestly fixed upon her; Insolent man, says she, are you ignorant that your sex is forbidden to stay under the window of this palace? Fly away, for if the sultan's officers see you, they will put you to death. Regardless of fear, I fell prostrate on the ground, and rising, said, Madam, I am a stranger; I know not the customs of *Cairo*, and tho' I was ever so well acquainted with them, your beauty would put it out of my power to shew any regard to them. Rash man, says she, tremble lest I should

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send for some slaves to punish your insolence; and then disappeared.

I expected to be seized by the guards every minute, but insensible of the danger, returned slowly to my lodgings. It is not to be conceived, how much I suffered this night. My brains were on fire, and my thoughts confounded. At length I dropped into a dose, and lost myself for some minutes; when I awaked, the hopes of once more beholding the fair object, and to be looked upon by her with a more favourable eye, which I had little reason to expect, abated the rage of my distemper. I went again the following day to the banks of the *Nile*, and posted myself on the very same spot, as I had done before. The young lady instantly appeared, but gave me such a look, as made me tremble. "Wretch! says she, How dare you return hither, after the menaces which I have pronounced; away! once more moved by compassion, I tell you, that if you do not get away in a moment, your fate is inevitable. Tremble, audacious youth! the lightning is ready to strike you dead. Instead of going off, I gazed upon her the more, with actions full of tenderness, and replied: O, fairest of women! Can you imagine, that a wretch like me, is afraid
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to die? alas! I had much rather die than live, if I live not for you. Since you are so obdurate, replies she; Go, and ramble about the city till night, then return hither again. This said, she vanished, leaving me transported with love and joy.

I quitted my station; the pleasure of expectation obliterated all my misfortunes. This assignment made me ample amends for all my former inadvertencies. I went home, and employed the whole day, in perfuming, and decking myself out to the best advantage. When night came on, conducted by love, I found my way thither in the dark; where was a rope hanging down from the window, by the help of which I gained admittance into my charmer's apartment. I went thro' two chambers, and came into a third, which was magnificently furnished, in the middle of which a throne of massy silver was erected: but neither the curiosities, nor costly furniture, had the least effect upon me. The lady alone took up all the faculties of my mind, and oh! sir, sure never eyes beheld so beautiful an object.

She obliged me to sit upon the throne, and placing herself by me, demanded who I was.

I told my story with the utmost sincerity, which she listened to with the strictest attention. On perceiving her touched with my unhappy circumstances, my love increased to such a degree as is not to be expressed. Madam, said I to her, How miserable forever I am, I have no longer reason to complain, since you have condescended to pity my misfortunes. She owned that if I was smitten at the sight of her, she likewise was pleased in looking at me; and added, since you, sir, have informed me of your history, you shall not be ignorant of mine.



The History of DARDANE.

I was born at *Damas*, and my name is *Dardané*; my father was one of the prince's visiers who now reigns there, whose name was *Bebroux*. He was a minister who made the good of the people, and the honour of his master, the motives of all his actions. Such as were governed by other principles became his enemies, and did him all the ill offices which they could with his royal master. By these means *Bebroux*, after many years service, was banished the court, and retired to a house

house near the gates of the City, where his whole time was taken up in my education: but alas! he did not live to see it perfected; for I was a child when he died. Soon after my mother turned all his effects into ready cash, and was so unnatural as to sell even me to a merchant who dealt in slaves; and then went to the *Indies*, with a young man whom she loved; and the merchant carried me with several other slaves to *Cairo*. We were all richly clothed, and when he presented us to the sultan of *Egypt*, he seemed to take a particular liking to my person. He came from his throne to me with expressions full of commendations of my beauty. Then turning to the merchant: My friend, says he, so long as you have furnished me with slaves, you never brought me one so beautiful as this before. Make your own price; I can never pay too dear for so lovely a creature. In short, the prince overjoyed, payed the merchant a large sum for me, and sent him away with his other slaves: then calling the chief of his eunuchs; *Keydkabir*, says he, conduct this sun into a separate apartment. I no sooner entered, but several slaves, both old and young, came to me; some presenting rich attire; others bringing refreshments of all kinds, and the rest with lutes to play upon for my diversion.

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I had not been here long, before the sultan came to visit me, and to make a declaration of his love. The rude and artless answers which fell from me, instead of causing his displeasure, increased his passion, and I became his favourite sultaness. This created a jealousy in all the slaves who thought themselves equal to me in beauty; and you cannot conceive by what various artifices they have, for these three years, endeavoured to work out my destruction. But their malice has hitherto been defeated by my prudent conduct. It is not that I am content with my situation, for I do not love the sultan, and am not ambitious of grandeur. The vexations I create in my rivals, by the precautions I take, give me far greater pleasure than the love of the sultan, tho' I must allow he is an amiable prince. And whether we are not masters of our own inclinations, or that my heart was by fate set apart for you, believe me, sir, you are the first man I ever looked upon with pleasure. On this frank confession, I vowed eternal love, and pressed her no longer to delay my happiness. The eagerness of my passion, expressed in the most moving accents, began to melt her down into tenderness. But oh! in the very instant she consented to yield to my desires, we were surprised with a loud knocking at the chamber

ber door. O heavens, says the lady, I am betrayed! It is the sultan himself! If the cord had been fastened to the window of the room in which we were, I might have escaped; but the sultan was now in that chamber, out of which hung the cord. All I could do toward my safety was to hide myself under the throne; while *Dar-dané* opened the door.

The sultan entered in a furious manner, attended by several black eunuchs with flambeaux in their hands. Wicked woman, says he, What man have you here? He was seen to climb up by a rope to your window, which hangs here still. The lady was struck speechless; her fear rendered it impossible for her to think of proper expedients. Search well about, says the sultan; the villain shall not escape my vengeance. The slaves soon found me out, and dragged me on the floor to their master. Impudent wretch, says he, Are there not women enough in *Cairo* to satiate your lust? Do you pay no regard to my palace? Fear confounded me. I knew not where I was; and I believe, sir, if you had been at *Bagdad*, and the great *Haroun Arraschid* should have caught you in his seraglio, you would not at that instant have been master of your reason. The sultan drew

drew his fabre, to gratify his revenge. I continued kneeling before him, expecting immediate death. But in the very instant he was going to take off my head, there entered an old mulatto lady, who prevented the stroke. What, sir, are you about, says she? Don't you strike these wretches; stain not your hands with the blood of the vulgar. They are unworthy that honour, and since one of them has had the insolence to be wanting in his duty to you, and the other to betray you, give orders for their being both thrown into the *Nile*. The sultan followed the old lady's advice, and the eunuchs cast us headlong from the window of a tower into the river. I was stunned with the fall, but soon recovered my senses, and, with much difficulty, gained the shore. After this escape I began to reflect upon the fate of the young lady, which terror had for some time made me forget. I instantly leaped into the river, and swimming with the stream endeavour'd withal my might to discover, if possible, the corps of this unfortunate lady; but finding my strength decay, I was obliged to get to land, and save a life, which I had hazarded to no purpose. Persuaded within myself that the favourite sultaneffs was drowned, I wept bitterly. Alas! said I, Had it not been for me, the fair *Dardane* had been

been yet alive! Hating the sight of *Cairo*, after this unlucky adventure, I took the road toward *Bagdad*.

After a few days journey I came to the foot of a mountain, late one evening, near which stood a town of considerable note. I laid myself down upon the bank of a rivulet, to pass the night. I slept well, by which rest my mind was quieted, and my strength restored. At the rising of the sun I awaked, and heard somebody groan at a small distance; on listening, I perceived it to be the complaints of some woman that had been ill used. I made directly towards the place, and saw a man at work with a pick-axe and spade, making a pit in the ground. I hid myself behind a bush to watch his motions. When he had made the hole deep enough, I saw him lay something in it, cover it up, and go away. The sun being now risen, I went to that same spot of earth to satisfy my curiosity. I took out some of the mould, and discovered a large sack of linen cloth all bloody, in which was a young woman just expiring. I readily distinguished by her dress, tho' much stained with blood, that she was some person of quality. Struck with horror, What cruel wretch! said I, has dealt so inhumanly by this young lady?

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The lady, whom I thought past recovery, hearing my exclamations, said to me, O mussulman ! be charitable and assist me. Give me a drop of water to quench my thirst, and ease the bitterness of my pain. I ran instantly to the fountain, filled my turban with water, and brought it to her. She drank, and opening her eyes, fixed them full upon me. O young man, said she, whom providence hath sent to my relief, help me to stop the blood ; if thou can'st save my life, thou shalt not repent it. I took my turban to pieces, and tore off a part of my garment, to bind up her wounds. Finish, said she, the charitable work, bear me into the town, and take me to a surgeon. Fair lady, replied I, I'm a perfect stranger, and have no acquaintance in the town. Should I be asked how I came to be found with a damsel almost deprived of life, What shall I answer ? Say, replied she, I am your sister. Fear not the consequence.

I carried the lady into the city upon my shoulders, and went with her to lodge at an inn, where I ordered her to be put into a bed with all speed, and sent for a surgeon to probe her wounds ; who assured me, they were neither mortal, nor dangerous, and that he would recover her in a month.

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While she was in a mending condition, she wrote a letter, and delivered it to me, saying, Go to the place where the merchants assemble, there enquire out *Mabyar*, give him that letter, take what he gives you and return. I soon found out the gentleman, who read the letter with great attention, kissed it, and placed it upon his head. This done, he took out two purses filled with sequins of gold, and delivered them to me. I went immediately back to the lady, who ordered me to hire a house, and we both went to live in it. When we were settled, she wrote a second letter to *Mabyar*, who gave me four purses filled with pieces of gold. By the lady's order I now bought wearing apparel for her and myself, with a number of slaves to attend us.

I passed for her brother, and lived with her as if I had been so in reality. Notwithstanding her charms, *Dardane* employ'd all my thoughts: Nay, I would have quitted this lady, but she begged of me to stay, saying, Have patience, I have yet occasion for your service. You shall soon know who I am, and fear not, but I shall be able to recompence your good offices. I continued with her, and out of pure generosity did every thing which of me was required. I longed to know

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how she came to be assassinated; but it was in vain; I requested of her to tell me her history. Go, says she, one day, giving me a purse of sequins, find out a merchant whose name is *Namabran*; tell him you come to buy some rich stuffs: He will shew you several sorts: chuse out of them some pieces, and pay his own price for them; then shew him the highest Respect, and bring me the stuffs. I found *Namabran* sitting in his shop. I saw a man of exquisite features, with short crisped hair, black as jet. He had in his ears pendants, and large diamonds on his fingers. I sat down by him, and asked him to shew me some stuffs: he opened several pieces, of which I chose three. He fixed a price upon them, which I paid; and taking my leave in the most respectful manner, I gave the goods to be carried home by my slave. Two days after, the lady gave me another purse to buy more stuffs; but remember, added she, not to stand with him about the price. As soon as the merchant saw me, and I had mentioned my business, he brought me his richest stuffs, out of which I took what pleased me best, threw down my purse, and desired him to take what he thought convenient. Pleased with my generosity, he desired I would honour him with my company some day to dinner. I readily consented,

sented, and said, Tomorrow, Sir, if you please: and he replied, I should highly oblige him. On bringing this news to the lady, she fell into transports of joy. Fail not to go, said she, and invite him to your lodgings the next day. I will provide a sumptuous entertainment. I knew not what to make of this her excess of joy on the occasion. I saw she had some design in her heart, tho' I could not guess what. I was punctual in going to dine with the merchant, who entertained me elegantly. Before we parted I told him my place of abode, and hoped he would accept of a treat from me the day following. He came to his time, and we spent the evening together. The lady kept herself concealed during the whole repast. As she desired me to amuse *Namabran*, and not suffer him to return home that night, I stayed him in opposition to his will, and we drank till midnight, when I waited on him to a chamber. Here I took my leave, and retired to my own apartment. I had not been long asleep before the lady awaked me. She held in one hand a torch, and a dagger in the other. Arise, young man, said she, come and see thy guest weltering in his blood. I got on my clothes in an instant, followed her into the merchant's room, and seeing him extended, breathless upon the bed, ah! barbarous woman,

woman, said I, how could you commit so horrid a crime! How could you make me instrumental to your rage! Young man answered she, grieve not, you have assisted me to be revenged upon a traitor. He is the cause of all my misfortunes, which I shall relate.



The fatal Effects of JEALOUSY.

The king of this city is my father. Going one day to the publick baths, I cast my eye upon *Namabran*, as he was sitting in his shop. I was instantly struck with his beauty, and could not drive him out of my thoughts. I endeavoured to combat my passion, and flattered myself I should be able to conquer my love by the assistance of reason: but alas! all my endeavours prov'd vain. My passion growing more violent, threw me into a fit of sickness, which would have certainly killed me, had not my governess been better skilled in the cause of my distemper than the physicians. She discovered the true source of my indisposition. I related to her the manner of my falling in love, and by what she picket out of my words, she became convinced that I was passionately fond of
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this miscreant. She pitied my condition, and promised me her assistance to relieve my misery. In consequence of this promise, she one night found means to introduce the young merchant into the seraglio in the apparel of a woman, and led him to my apartment. The sight of him raised transports in my heart, and I had also the pleasure to observe that he was no less transported at his good fortune. I kept him here several days concealed in my closet, and my governess conducted him out again with the same success she introduced him. Under this disguise he made me frequent visits. One day I took it into my head to pay him a visit in my turn, and pleas'd myself with the thoughts of surprising him, not doubting but to make him sensible of my fondness for him. Accordingly I went out of the palace, thro' bye-ways, which I knew, and came to his house; when knocking at the door, a slave demanded who I was, and my business. I am, said I, a young lady of the city, and must speak to your master. He is at present engaged with another lady, replies the slave, come again to-morrow. On hearing these words, jealousy kindled a fire in my breast, too violent for reason to extinguish. Instead of retiring, I rushed into the house, and running forward to a hall where were lights, I

saw the merchant sitting at table with a beautiful young damsel. At this unexpected sight my indignation was raised higher. I flew with all the strength I had upon the damsel, and doubtless had torn her to pieces, had she not made her escape; nor did I only aim my vengeance at my rival, but fell also with the like fury upon *Namabran*. He instantly threw himself at my feet, asked my pardon, and swore he would never be false to me again. His oaths and submission appeased my rage. I sat down and drank with him till I became intoxicated. When I was in this condition, the traitor gave me several cuts with a knife. I fainted with the loss of blood, and he imagining I was dead, tied me up in a sack, and carried me on his shoulders out of the city, to the place where you found me. Here he digged a pit to put me into, and unmoved with my tears, or with so much compassion as to kill me before he laid me in the ground, the barbarian buried me alive.

That other merchant called *Mabyar*, to whom you carried my letters, belongs to the seraglio. I told him I wanted money, gave him a short account of my adventures, and enjoyed secrecy, till I had taken my full revenge. This, young man!

man! is my story, which I was unwilling to acquaint you with sooner, lest you should have scrupled to assist me in bringing the villain to justice. I am persuaded, if you have a detestation for men of treacherous hearts, you will applaud my resolution, for piercing that of *Namabran*. You shall go to the palace with me in the morning; the king my father loves me, and is passionately fond of me. I will confess my fault, and hope he will give me pardon; and I dare promise he will load you with benefits.

I replied to the princess, Madam, I ask no gratuity for saving you; but am grieved that I have been instrumental to your vengeance. You have abused my complaisance in making me an accessory to the murder. Had you engaged me to avenge your wrongs with honour, I would readily have hazarded my life in your service. — In short, tho' I thought *Namabran* deserved his fate, I was so much concerned at my being drawn in to betray him, that setting at nought her promises, I abandoned the lady; and the next morning before day I went out of the town. When *Aurora* appeared, I saw a caravan of merchants encamped in a field at some distance: I hastened to it, and finding they were going to *Bagdad*, I went with

them

them. When I arrived there, I found myself reduced to very scanty circumstances. Of all the money I brought away with me, but one sequin of gold remained, which I changed into aspres, and bought fruit, sweet-meats, and balsam of roses. With this little merchandize, I every day frequented a shop, where persons of quality resorted to drink cooling liquors; to all whom I presented my basket. Each took what he fancied, and every one gave me a little piece of silver. This petty trade furnished me with the necessaries of life.

One day, as I was presenting my goods to the guests in the shop, in a corner of a room sat an old gentleman, who, observing that I took no notice of him, called to me: Friend, says he, how happens it that you never offer me some of your wares. Upon this I gave him my basket, out of which he took an apple, and bid me sit down by him. He asked me who I was, and my name. Pardon me, Sir, said I sighing, I cannot oblige you without renewing my grief. This put a stop to the old man's importunity. He changed the discourse, and, after a long conversation, he took a purse with ten sequins of gold out of his pocket, and put it into my hand, and walked away.

away. This his liberality surprized me, persons of the first rank having never given me near the value of one sequin. I went again the next day, and saw my benefactor in the same situation: I addressed him first; he took a little balm, and making me sit down by him, so earnestly pressed me to give him my history, that I could not possibly help gratifying his Curiosity.

After I had related to him every circumstance, he told me, that he was a merchant of *Basra*, and knew my father; that he had no child, nor hopes of any, and adopted me his son, saying, Be comforted, my boy; you shall find me a father, richer than *Abdelaziz*, and who will love you with as much tenderness. I returned him thanks for the honour he did me, making profession of my duty, and followed him. When we came out, he ordered me to throw away my basket, and took me to a spacious house, in which he assigned me an apartment, ordered me a variety of rich dresses, and slaves to attend me; so that I began to forget my misery. When he had sold off the cargo which he brought to *Bagdad*, we set out together for *Basra*. My friends, who never expected to see me again, were astonished to find me adopted to the most substantial merchant in

the city. I pleased the good old gentleman, and was charmed with his temper. He told me he was equally happy, and I seemed worthy of his favour. I therefore hardly ever quitted him, and confined myself to his company.



ABOULCASEM *Re-instated.*

Not long after, the good old man, given over by his physicians, ordered every soul but me to retire. Then said, It is now time, my son, to discover to you an important secret. Had I nothing but this house, and the riches in it, to leave you, I should think it but a moderate fortune; but all this, together with all the wealth I have amassed thro' the whole course of my life, tho' a very considerable trader, is nothing in comparison of a treasure which lies here hid, and which I shall discover to you. I do not pretend to say how many years ago, by whom, or by what means it came hither. This I know; my grandfather discovered it to my father, who, when he was dying, intrusted the secret with me. But added he, I have one piece of advice to give, and be careful how you disregard it. You are naturally

rally generous; when you find your abilities sufficient to gratify your inclination, you will squander away your riches. You will make presents, and do good to all who shall ask your assistance. This conduct I should greatly approve, if you could continue to practice it without danger; but it will one day cause your ruin. I foresee you will live in so splendid a manner, as to draw upon you the envy of the king of *Bassia*, or the jealousy of his avaritious minister. They will imagine you have treasure concealed, and spare no pains to discover it. To prevent this misfortune, act as my grandfather, my father, and I have done. Follow the business of a merchant, without the shew of grandeur. Never draw the eyes of the world upon you by your vast expences.

He then acquainted me with the place where this treasure lay, saying, Whatever notion you may form of the riches laid up there, they will surpass your Imagination. When he died, and I his sole heir had paid the last debt to his ashes, I took possession of this house and its appertences in part, and went to visit the treasure; at which I was amazed. If it be not inexhaustible, sure I am, it is impossible for me to spend it; tho' heaven bestowed upon me a longer life than ever
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was yet granted to any mortal. There is not one inhabitant in *Basra*, who has not tasted of my bounty. I keep open house for all, and send no one away discontented. And can I make a better use of it than to relieve the needy, entertain the stranger, and enjoy those pleasures of life moderately, to which I am inclined by the dictates of nature?

The people really believed, from my first setting-out, that I was going to ruin myself a second time. But how were they disordered, when, instead of seeing my affairs decay, they perceived me to flourish more and more every day. They could not conceive how it was possible I should increase riches by giving them away. At last a report was industriously spread around the city, that I had found a treasure. Here-upon the lieutenant of *Basra* came to pay me a visit, saying, he was come to demand where the treasure lay that supported me in so great magnificence. I was shocked at this speech, and made him no reply. He judged rightly, from seeing my confusion, that the rumour spread of me was not groundless. But instead of pressing me to discover it, said, Signior *Aboulcassim*, I exercise my office with judgment; make me a present worth my acceptance,

tance, and I'll give you no more trouble. How much will content you, replied I? Ten sequins of gold paid me daily, says he. I answered, that is too little, I will give you one hundred. Call every day, and my treasurer shall count them to you. The lieutenant overjoy'd, cried out, I wish you had found a thousand times more: I promise never more to molest you. I advanced a considerable Sum, and he departed.

Soon after the visier *Aboulfatab Waschy* sent for me, and taking me into his closet, said, O young man, I am informed that you have found a great treasure, one fifth of which belongs to God, and you must give it to the king. Pay that down, and you shall remain in peaceable possession of the other four. I answered, I own I have found a treasure, but by the great God who created us both, I will never tell where it is, tho' I were torn to pieces. But I will oblige myself to give you every day a thousand sequins, provided you will give me no disturbance. He complied as readily as the lieutenant, and sent a servant, to whom I paid thirty thousand sequins for the first month. The visier, fearing, I believe, lest what had passed, might come to the ears of the king, chose to tell him the story himself. The king sent for

for me, and with a smiling Countenance said, O young man! why will you not shew me your treasure? Do you think I shall rob you of it? Long may your majesty live, answered I. But as for my treasure, tho' my flesh were to be torn off with hot pincers I will not discover it. I will pay your majesty two thousand sequins of gold every day, if you will accept of them. If you judge it more for your interest to put me to death, I am ready to suffer all the torments you can inflict rather than satisfy your curiosity. On speaking these words, the king looking at the visier asked his opinion, who answered, Sir, this is a treasure of itself, let him live in his present magnificence, if he is punctual in his payments. His majesty followed the visier's advice, and after several caresses, let me depart. By these agreements I continued to pay every year more than one million and sixty thousand sequins of gold.

When the young man had made an end of relating his adventures, the califf having an ardent desire to see the treasures, said, It seems to me impossible there should be treasures enough to support your generous way of life. If it be not too great a request to make, I should desire a sight of that which is your possession, on giving
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my Word and solemn oath, that I will not abuse the trust you place in me. *Aboulcassim*, with sorrow in his countenance, replied, Sir, your curiosity causes me great anxiety. I cannot comply with it, but upon such conditions as will seem to you very severe. Be what they will replies the califf, i'll submit to them. You must be content then to let me conduct you hoodwinked and unarmed, with a drawn scimeter in my hand, to give you a mortal wound, if you offer to violate the laws of hospitality. Let me intreat you then, says the califf, to let us go instantly. I cannot comply with that, answers the young man. Stay with me this night, and when all my domesticks are asleep, I will come to your apartment, and accompany you. This said, he called for his servants, and led the prince to a magnificent chamber, by the light of a great number of tapers, which were carried by slaves in golden candlesticks. The slaves undressed the emperor, and retired, after they had placed the tapers at the head and feet of the bed, which being made of perfumed wax, caused an agreeable smell.

Haroun, big with the expectation of being, called by his host, could get no rest; he came to him about midnight, when all his domesticks were fast

fast asleep, and said, Sir, I am now ready to wait upon you. Let us go then, says the califf, rising. I am ready to follow you, and I swear by heaven and earth, that you shall never have cause to repent of your civility. He helped the prince to put on his clothes, then tying a bandage over his eyes, said, Your behavior shews you to be a person of some rank, and I am sorry to use you in this manner. The emperor interrupting him, answered, I approve your precautions, and take nothing amiss. Now *Aboulcassim* led him down a back stair case into a garden of vast extent, and passing thro' several serpentine walks, they went down where the treasure lay concealed. It was a large vault, whose entrance was covered with one entire stone. Before they came to it, they went down a long dark passage, at the far end of which was a large hall, that shone like carbuncles. In the middle of this room the young man took the bandage off the califf's eyes, who was struck with astonishment at what he beheld. Near him stood a basin of white marble, which was fifty feet round, and thirty deep; it was full of wedges of gold, and round about it rose twelve pillars of the same metal; upon which were placed twelve statues of precious stones, curiously wrought.

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Aboulcassim led the prince up to the bason, saying, Look at this quantity of gold. It has not yet sunk two inches. Can you imagine that I can waste all this during my life. *Haroun*, paused a while, and answered; These riches are immense, but you may consume them. When I have emptied this, says *Aboulcassim*, I'll have recourse to what I shall carry you to next. Then leading him onward into another hall more amazing than the first, he shewed him several fossa's of scarlet brocade, set with an infinite number of pearls and diamonds. Here stood another bason of marble, tho' neither so deep nor so wide as the first, which was full of rubies, of topazes, of emeralds, and all kinds of precious stones. The califf could scarcely persuade himself that he was awake; this appeared to him a piece of delusion. While he was gazing on this beautiful scene, the young man bid him look at two persons upon a throne of gold, who, he informed him, were the original proprietors of all the treasures, saying, These were a king and queen; on whose heads were crowns adorned with diamonds. The statuary had wrought them so well, they seemed still alive, and lay at full length, with their heads inclining to each other: a table of ebony stood at their feet, upon which the following words were very legi-

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ble. "During the course of a long life, I amassed together all the wealth that is here laid up. I took, and ransacked several towns and castles. I conquered kingdoms, and defeated all my enemies. I was the most powerful monarch upon earth. But my power, grandeur, and opulence, at last yielded to death. Whoever I shall see me in the condition I now am, let him reflect that I once was living like himself; and that he will one day die, and be like me. Let him not fear that this treasure will fail. It is inexhaustible. Let him make use of it to acquire friends, and to lead an agreeable life. For when his hour cometh, his riches cannot save him from the common fate of all mankind."

When *Haroun* had read this inscription, he said to the young man, You judge right. Live as you do. The old merchant's advice is not to be regarded: but, added he, What king was it that possessed these immense riches, the inscription does not inform me; I should be glad to know his name. To this the young man made no reply; but took him instantly into another hall, in which were many things of great value; and among others, several trees like that of which he had made him a present. The prince would willingly have

have spent the whole night examining these subterraneous curiosities; but *Aboulcassim* fearing to be observed by some of his servants, desired *Haroun* to return before day, in the same manner he came.

They accordingly crossed over the garden, and went up the back stairs to the chamber where the emperor had lain. The tapers were still burning, and they conversed together till sun rising. When I consider what I have seen, says *Haroun*, I doubt not but you have in your house the most beautiful women of the east. Sir, replies the young man, I have slaves of more than ordinary beauty, but cannot love one of them. My dear *Dardane* engrosses all my affections. I reason with myself, and say she is dead; I ought to think of her no more: but her lovely image is always before my eyes; for her sake I am miserable in the midst of opulence, and dissatisfied with all this profusion. I had rather enjoy my *Dardane* in a cottage, than live without her in a palace. *Haroun* admiring his constancy, advised him to use his utmost endeavours to conquer so vain a passion; returned him thanks afresh for all favours received, then went to the inn, and began his journey home to *Bagdad*, with the presents he had received from *Aboulcassim*.



ABOULFATAH'S Treachery.

Two days after the prince's departure, *Aboulfatab* having advice of the magnificent presents which *Aboulcassem* daily made to strangers, and at the same time being astonished at the punctual payments of the several sums to him, the lieutenant, and the king, resolved to spare no pains to find out this inexhaustible treasure. He was one of those wicked ministers who sicken at no crime to accomplish their design; and having a daughter of about eighteen years of age, exceeding beautiful, whose name was *Balkis*, he determined to make her a sacrifice to his avarice. She had a heart disposed to every virtue, and prince *Aly*, the king of *Basra*'s nephew, having demanded her of her father, and, loving her to distraction, was to marry her as soon as affairs would permit.

Aboulfatab order'd her to come to him into his closet, and said to her, Daughter, you must deck yourself out in your best Apparel, and go this night to *Aboulcassem*. Make it your business to

to please the young man; use every artifice to captivate him, that he may discover to you the treasure he has found. *Balkis*, confounded at this discourse, with indignant looks, shewed how much her soul abhorred the treachery; said, Sir, do you consider to what dangers you expose your daughter. Think of her disgrace. Reflect upon your own honour. Be silent, replies the visier, no force of reason shall alter my resolution; you shall obey. Here young *Balkis* burst into tears, and cried out, My dear father! stifle this your passion of avarice, which goads you on, to rob an innocent person of that which you have no right to. Insolent girl! says the visier, does it become you to judge of your father's actions. Say no more; and I swear, if you come away without seeing his treasure, I'll plunge this dagger into your heart. *Balkis* finding she must enter upon this dangerous enterprise, retired to her chamber, dressed herself richly in cloth of gold and jewels; but took no care to display her charms to advantage; which was indeed useless.

When it was dark, and *Aboulfatah* imagined it was time for his daughter to go to *Aboulcasem*, he conducted her to the door very privately, and there left her, after having repeated, I will cer-

tainly kill you, if you do not execute the commission with which you are charged. She knocked, and desired to speak with the young man. The door was instantly opened: a slave led her into a hall, where his master was laid upon a great sofa, regretting the loss of *Dardane*. As soon as *Balkis* appeared, he rose to receive her, made his compliments, and obliged her to sit down upon the same sofa, where he asked the reason of her condescension to pay him a visit. She replied, Having heard, Sir, that you are a gallant young man, I come to be merry with you. She immediately took off her veil, and notwithstanding his indifference, he could not resist the force of her beauty. Fair lady, says he, I thank my stars for this fortunate adventure. Supper coming on, they both went into another room, and seating themselves at a table, furnished with meats of all kinds, *Aboulcasse* made all the attendants withdraw, that no one should know who the lady was. He waited upon her himself, filled her wine in a cup set round with diamonds and rubies. The more he looked upon her, the more he liked her. He conversed with her, and the lady, whose wit was brilliant as her beauty, answered him with such life and spirit, that he became a victim to her altar; and when supper was over, he threw himself

himself at her feet, and said, Madam, if your eyes at first wounded me, your discourse has made an entire conquest.

This said, he kissed the hand of *Balkis* so ardently, that she fearing herself in danger, turned pale as death, scarce able to support herself; tears on a sudden flowed down her cheeks. What has befallen you, Madam, says *Aboulcassem*? Whence proceeds your grief. Am I wretched enough to have said, to have done any thing that could displease you? Tell me what has occasioned this strange metamorphosis? *Balkis* answered, I have already carried the design too far. Perfidy, grief, fear, and modesty, are fighting within me: I am not able to bear up against them. Speak I must. Know, Sir, I am a young lady of quality; my father knows you have hidden treasure, and obliged me, on pain of death, to discover where it was concealed. Consider, Sir, I have a prince for my lover, whom I am passionately fond of, and to whom I speedily expect to be joined in marriage; which induces me to believe the action imposed on me by my father's command, is to you detestable. I came hither with great reluctance, which nothing but the fear of death could surmount. Madam, replied the young man, you

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shall

shall never have cause to repent your opening your mind to me. You shall not die. You shall see my treasure. And what impressions soever your beauty may have made upon me, I readily relinquish all the hopes I had entertained, since they give you uneasiness. Without a blush, Madam, revisit the happy lover, for whom you pre-serve yourself, and afflict yourself no longer. *Balkis* answer'd, Sir, it is not without reason you are accounted the most magnanimous of men. I have experienced your generosity, and shall never be at ease, till I have found out a method to retaliate your favours.

After this, *Aboulcassim* conducted the lady into the same room where the califf had lain before, and continued there with her till the house was silent. Then having tied a bandage over her eyes, said, Madam, I must be thus free with you, for I cannot shew my treasure upon any other condition. Do what you please, said she, I put my trust in you, and will follow where-ever you lead me. *Aboulcassim* taking her by the hand, led her down the Back-stairs into the garden, and bringing her to the vault under-ground, uncovered her eyes. Every object she saw, raised her amazement: but what chiefly attracted her eye, were

were the original owners of the treasure. She read the inscription, and observing there was about the neck of the queen, a necklace of pearls, about the size of a pidgeon's egg, she could not forbear expressing her inclination towards it. *Aboukaseem* immediately took it off, and tied it round the neck of the princess, because her father, by this means, might be convinced, that she had seen the treasure; and as a further proof of it, bid her take some of the best jewels home with her also. While she was amusing herself with the variety of wonders she saw under-ground, he put the bandage upon her eyes again, and led her back into a hall, where they talked together till daylight. The lady having again renewed her assurances, that she would never forget his generosity, took her leave, and gave an account of what had passed to her father.

The vizier, kept awake by avarice, waited his daughter's return with impatience. But when he saw her return with the necklace, and when she shewed him the jewels, his heart leaped with joy. Well, daughter, said he, and have you seen the treasure? Yes, Sir, replies *Balkis*, and to give you a just idea of it; I must inform you, that if all the kings of the earth should bring their riches

D § together,

together, they could not equal it. She then told him of the young man's generosity and politeness. He was not at all taken with his virtue. He would much rather his daughter had been dishonoured, than not to have known where the treasure was concealed.



GIAFAR restored.

During these transactions *Haroun* was on his journey towards *Bagdad*. As soon as he entered his palace, he sent for *Giafar*, told him the particulars of his journey, and said, Thou knowest an emperor should never be outdone in courtesy. Should I return to *Aboulcasem* the most valuable things in my treasury, they would fall far short of the presents he has made me. What shall I do to requite his generosity? Sir, says *Giafar*, if you will be advised by me, you shall write this very day to the king of *Basra*, and order him to resign his government to young *Aboulcasem*. Dispatch the courier immediately, and in a few days I will follow, and give your Credentials to the new king. The king highly approved his advice, and said to the minister, This will

will be a means to gratify *Aboulcasem*, and at the same time to do justice upon the king of *Basra*, and his Vizier, who have concealed from me the great sums they have drawn from him. They have done violence to him, and are not worthy of the employments they hold. He accordingly wrote immediately to the king of *Basra*, and sent away the courier; then went to *Zobeide's* apartment, to acquaint her with the success of his journey, and to make her a present of the little page and the tree, with the peacock. He also gave her the damsel, whom *Zobeide* thought so very charming, that she smiling said to the emperor, She preferred this beautiful slave to all his other presents; the prince kept the cup only for himself. All the rest of the things he gave to *Giafar*, and ordered him to be ready for his journey in a few days.

When the courier arrived at *Basra*, he instantly delivered his dispatches to the king, who was very disconsolate on the perusing them; and soon after shewed them to the Visier. What fatal orders, says he, have I received from the commander of the faithful; may I obey them! You may, says *Aboulfatab*, get over this trouble. *Aboulcasem* must be ruined, without taking away his life.

I will

I will make every soul in the city believe he is dead, and keep him concealed, so as he shall never be discovered; by which means you may continue on the throne, and get all his riches into your own possession: for wehn I have him in my power, I will inflict such punishments upon him, as shall oblige him to discover the hidden treasure. Do as you will, says the king, but what answer shall we send to the califf? Leave that to me, replies the visier; the commander of the faithful shall be kept in ignorance, as well as the rest of the world.

Aboulfatab engaged some courtiers, who knew not his intention, to accompany him on a visit to *Aboulcasem*. He received them according to their quality, and entertained them magnificently. He seated the visier in the place of honour, and paid him all imaginable respect. While they were all at table over exquisite wine, the traitor *Aboulfatab* watched his opportunity to convey into the cup of *Aboulcasem* a powder, which took away his senses in an instant, and threw him into a lethargy, that made him appear like a dead corps.

His servants came to support him; but seeing all the signs of death upon him, they laid him on
a sofa,

a sofa, and the house was all in tears. All the guests were struck with horror, and even *Aboul-fatab* counterfeited an immoderate grief. He tore his garments, and the whole Company followed his example. After this he ordered a coffin to be made of ivory and ebony; then seized upon all his effects for the use of the king. All persons of both sexes in the city put on deep mourning, and came before the gates of his house, with their heads uncovered, and their feet bare. There was nothing but cries and lamentations heard in the streets. The rich and poor were alike concerned in his death; the first lost a friend, the last a benefactor, whose charity never ceased; so that his death caused an universal grief.

The wretched *Aboulcassim* was put into a coffin, and by order of *Aboulfatab*, was carried out of the city to a burying-ground, where there was several large tombs and monuments; particularly one very magnificent, in which the visier's father and his family were deposited. In this monument the coffin was laid, and the perfidious *Aboulfatab* smote his breast, and mimicked all the actions of a man distracted with grief and despair.

The people all returned to the city when night approached; but the visier and two of his slaves

re-

remained in the monument. They made a fire, heated some water over it in a silver basin, and, taking *Aboulcasem* out of the coffin, with this warm water chafed his body. In a short time he began to recover his senses, and recollecting *Aboulfatab*, said, Ah! Sir, where are we? To what a wretched condition am I reduced? Wretch as thou art, replied the minister, it was I, that brought you hither, to have you in my power; and I will invent new punishments to inflict upon you every day, except you discover to me the hidden treasure. I am in your power, answers *Aboulcasem*; do with me as you please; but I will never tell you where my treasure lies.

Scarce had *Aboulfatab* made an end of speaking, before he commanded his slaves to hold fast the prisoner, while he drew out from under his robes, a scourge made of thongs, cut from a lion's hide, with which he lashed him with so much violence, that the young man fainted away. The visier seeing this, order'd him to be put again into the coffin, and then, locking the door of the monument, retired. On the morrow he went to the king, saying, Yesterday, Sir, I put the courage of *Aboulcasem* to the proof, tho' he still remains obstinate; I believe he will not long be able to endure

endure the torments I have prepared. The prince, who was altogether as cruel as his minister, replied, Your Conduct has given me great satisfaction: I hope you will soon be enabled to make the discovery. The courier must be instantly sent back; What shall we write to the califf? Write him word, says *Aboulfatab*, That, *Aboulcasem* was so transported with joy on receiving his message, that he made an extravagant entertainment, and died with excess of wine. The king approving his advice, instantly dispatched the courier to the commander of the faithful. *Aboulfatab* now flattering himself that the young man would certainly make the discovery, went his way to torment his afresh; but, coming to the monument, was surprized to find the door open, and *Aboulcasem* fled. He hastened to the king, and told him what had happened. The prince, struck with a panic, said, O *Wascby*! what shall we do? The young man has escaped, he will go directly to *Bagdad*, and there make his complaint to the califf.

Aboulfatab, in the greatest distress imaginable, said, Oh! that I had killed him yesterday. However, let us not despair; tho' he has taken his flight, he cannot be gone far. Let us make diligent

gent search thro' the city and parts adjacent, and i-hope we shall find him. He accordingly assembled the foldiers, divided them into bodies, put himself at the head of them, and strictly searched the country round. While they were in quest of *Aboulcasem* in the villages, woods, and mountains, the Visier *Giafar*, now on the road, met the courier, who said to him, 'Tis to no purpose, Sir, to go to *Basra*, for the young man is dead, and buried two days ago. *Giafar*, who had promised himself the pleasure of presenting the new king with his credentials, was extremely afflicted. His eyes ran down with tears, and, thinking it needless to continue his journey, returned back to *Bagdad*.

Upon his arrival, he accompanied the courier to the palace. Ah! *Giafar* says the emperor, your speedy return forebodes some ill tidings. Commander of the faithful, replies the visier, *Aboulcasem* is dead.

When *Haroun* heard this, he cast himself from the throne, and there remained for some time, without any sign of life. On his recovery, he cast his eyes about for the courier, and demanded his dispatches. The prince perused them with
great

great attention, shut himself up in his closet with *Giafar*, and having shewed him the letter from the king of *Basra*, said, This does not seem very probable; I fear he and *Aboulfatab* have put the young man to death. *Giafar* was of the same opinion, and answered, Sir, I think it adviseable to put the king and his minister under an arrest. Then replied *Haroun*, take ten thousand of my horsemen, march directly to *Basra*, seize the two criminals, and bring them to me. I will avenge the death of the most generous of all mankind. *Giafar* obeyed, and marched to *Basra* with these forces.



ABOULCASEM'S escape, and Balkis's gratitude.

Let us now return to the young man. After he had remained a long time insensible, and began to revive, he perceived somebody taking him out of the coffin, and laying him upon the ground, imagining it was *Aboulfatab*, or some of his slaves, he cried out, Spare your vain tortures, all you can do shall never oblige me to disclose the secret. Fear not, answer'd one of them who assisted in taking him out, we come to deliver you.

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Hereupon

Hereupon the young man opened his eyes, and seeing the young lady to whom he had shewn his treasure, said, Madam, is it to you I stand indebted for my life? Yes, sir, replied she, it is to me and prince *Aly* my lover, who stands by me here. I acquainted him with your generosity, and he was desirous, at my request, to preserve you from perdition. It is true, says the prince, and I would hazard my life a thousand times sooner than so great a man should suffer death.

Aboulcassim, by virtue of some cordial to him administred, having recovered strength, and finding himself alive, *Balkis* addressed herself to him in the following manner: Sir, said she, I am the daughter of the visier, and was not deceived with the false report of your death. I guessed my father's design, and prevailed with one of his slaves to let me into the secret. He was one of the two that attended *Aboulfatab*, and has the key of the monument in his possession. He delivered it to me: I instantly told prince *Aly* of it, who as instantly, with some of his most trusty servants, accompanied me hither; and thanks to heaven, we have rescued you.

Great God! says the young man, is it possible that hard-hearted man should have a daughter
ended

endued with such humanity! Here prince *Aly* interrupted him, saying, We have no time to spare, Sir, when the visier finds you not in the monument to-morrow, he will make diligent search after you; I therefore will conduct you to my house, which is a place of safety; you can never be suspected of being there. *Aboulcassim* disguise yourself in the habit of a slave, and go along with us. After this they left the door of the monument open, and returned into the city. *Balkis* went home, and delivered the key to the slave, while *Aly* conducted the young man to his house, and concealed him so artfully, that no enemy could approach his presence. Here he remained till the king and the visier had given him over for lost. Prince *Aly*, now furnishing him with gold and jewels, mounted him upon a fine horse, and bid him go where-ever he pleased. *Aboulcassim* returned him thanks for his kindness, assured him of a grateful remembrance, and after mutual embraces they parted, the prince praying heaven to be his guide. The young man took the road to *Bagdad*, and arrived there in a few days. Here his only business was to find out the merchant whom he had entertained at *Basra*, and to tell him the Hardships he had undergone. Not being able to find him out, he ran over the whole city, exa-

mined every face he met to no purpose. Weary with wandering to and fro, he sat down to rest before the califf's palace. The little page, whom he had made a present of to this prince, standing at the window, happened to see him, and ran to the emperor, crying, Sir, I have just now seen my old master of *Basra*. *Haroun* answered, Thou art mistaken. Thou hast taken some other person for him. He is not alive. No, no, Commander of the Faithful, added he, I know him well, and am certain it is the very gentleman. Tho' the califf did not believe the child, he determined to examine into the matter, and sent one of his officers with the lad, to see if the man was the real *Aboulcascem*. He sat in the same place, in hopes of catching the little page looking out again, who being now fully convinced, that it was his old Master, threw himself at his feet. *Aboulcascem*, raising him, asked if he had the honour to belong to the califf. Sir, says the child, it was the commander of the faithful himself you entertained at *Basra*. It was to him you gave me. Come along with me, the emperor will be glad to see you. The young man was exceedingly surprized, but at last agreed to go with the page and the officer into the palace, who conducted him to *Haroun*. The prince was sitting upon a sofa, but being greatly

greatly moved at the sight of *Aboulcassim*, rose hastily from his seat, and held him fast in his arms, not being able to speak thro' excess of joy.

When he was recovered from the transports with which such an unexpected sight occasioned, he said to him, O young man! lift up thine eyes, and view thy happy guest. It was me thou mad'st so welcome at *Basra*. It was me to whom thou gavest presents which kings cannot equal. *Aboulcassim*, now lifting up his eyes, remember'd him. O! my sovereign lord and master! cries he; O monarch of the world! Was it you that came under the roof of your slave! This said, he cast himself on the floor at the emperor's feet, who raised him, and made him sit by him on the sofa. Is it possible, said the prince, that you are still alive! How comes this to pass? *Aboulcassim* related to him the treachery of *Aboulfatab*, and by what means he had escaped his fury. *Haroun* listened to his story with attention, and when it was ended, said, I have been the cause of your last misfortune. When I returned to *Bagdad*, I was at a loss how to return my obligations to you. To this purpose I sent a courier to *Basra*, demanding the king to resign his crown to you. He, instead of obeying my orders, resolved to

take away your life. This, you may be assured was *Aboulfatab's* intention. The hopes of forcing you by torture to discover your treasure, were the only reasons for prolonging your life. But you shall be avenged. *Giafar* is marching with a large body of my troops to *Basra*; he shall, by my order, seize your persecutors, and bring them hither. In the mean time, you shall stay here, and be served by my officers like myself.

He now took the young man by the hand into a garden abounding with most beautiful flowers. Here were several basons of marble, of porphyry, and jasper, wherein there was numbers of the very best species of fishes. In the middle of the garden stood twelve pillars of black marble, which supported a dome, whose inside was vaulted withfantal, and wood of aloes; and formed an aviary, inhabited by the choicest singing Birds, who filled the ambient air with great variety of melody. Under this dome were the baths of *Haroun Arraschid*, where the prince and his guests washed themselves. Orders were now given to clothe *Aboulcassem* in the richest garments, and the califf conducted him to a room, where he obliged him to sit down and eat at his own table. After they had plentifully regaled themselves with soops and wine,

wine, the emperor led *Aboulcassim* to *Zobeide's* apartment. She was there sitting upon a throne of gold, attended by all her slaves. They were all taken up with a particular damsel, who far surpassed the rest in beauty, and sung an air to the following purpose: "*That we should love but once; but that we should continue to love as long as we live.*" While she sung, the damsel, whom the young man had given to the califf, play'd upon the lute. As soon as the empress perceived the prince and *Aboulcassim*, she descended from the throne to receive them. Madam, says *Haroun*, I am come to shew to you my host of *Basra*. The young man immediately prostrated himself before her. While he continued in that posture, a sudden noise was heard among the slaves; and she, who had just ended singing, casting her eyes upon *Aboulcassim*, gave a shriek, and fainted away.

Haroun and *Zobeide* turning towards the slave, the young man raised himself up, looked at her also, and fainted away immediately. The califf, willing to assist him, took him up in his arms, and soon brought him to himself. As soon as he recover'd his senses, he said, O commander of the faithful! you have already heard of my adventures at *Cairo*. This is the slave that was thrown with

me into the *Nile*. This is *Dardanè*! Is it possible, says *Haroun*! Heaven be praised for so happy an event! *Dardanè*, by this time, having regained the use of her senses, would have thrown herself at the feet of the califf, which he prevented, by asking by what miracle she was preserved alive, after she had been plunged into the *Nile*.



DARDANÈ'S ESCAPE.

Commander of the faithful, said she, I fell into the net of a fisherman, who was at that instant drawing it out of the water. Much surprised on seeing what he had taken, he took me home, and in some hours restored me to myself. When I gave him a true account of what had befallen me, he trembled for fear, lest the sultan of *Egypt* should be informed of my delivery from death. Thinking his own life in danger, for preserving me, he took the first opportunity of selling me to a merchant of slaves, who was coming to *Bagdad*. The merchant presented me to the prince's *Zobeide*, who paid him his price. While *Dardanè* was speaking, *Haroun* fixed his eyes upon her, and observing her uncommon beauty, cry'd out,
About-

Aboulcassim, I no longer wonder that you have so long the memory of so beautiful creature! I render thanks to heaven, for giving me an opportunity of paying my obligations to you. *Dardane* is free from this moment. I believe, Madam, continued he, turning to the empress, you are not unwilling to set her at liberty. No, replies she, I rejoice at it, and wish the two lovers may taste the sweets of a perfect union after their former misshaps.

This is not all, replied *Haroun*, their marriage shall be consummated in my palace, and there shall be public rejoycings for three days in *Bagdad*. I cannot do too much honour to my host of *Basra*. *Aboulcassim*, throwing himself at the emperor's feet, replied, As you are, sir, superior to all other princes by your rank; so are you also in your generosity. Give me leave, sir, to tell you where my treasure is, that I may this day put it into your possession. By no means, replies the califf, enjoy it yourself in peace, I ask not so much as is my right; live and make use of it as you did formerly.

Now *Zobeide* asked *Aboulcassim* and *Dardane* to entertain her with their adventures, and after-

wards order'd them to be written down in letters of gold. In the mean time *Haroun* gave orders for the celebration of their nuptials with extraordinary pomp. The public rejoycings were not ended when the visier *Giafar* returned with the visier *Aboulfatab* in bonds. As for the king of *Basra*, he died with grief, on their not being able to find *Aboulcascem*.

Giafar having given an account of his commision to his master, there was a scaffold order'd to be erected before the palace, and the wicked *Aboulfatab* was condemned to mount it. All the people, who knew his crime, cried out with impatience for his execution. And now the executioner stood with his sabre ready to strike of the head of the delinquent; when *Aboulcascem* falling prostrate before him, said, O commander of the faithful! let the wicked *Aboulfatab* live. Let him be an eye-witness of my happiness, see the favours you heap upon me, and he will be sufficiently punished.

Oh! too generous *Aboulcascem*, cries the emperor; How well do you deserve a crown? How happy will the people of *Basra* be to have you for their king? Sir, says the young man, I have
yet

yet one favour to ask. The throne you design for me, mag I presume to beg it for prince *Aly*? Let him reign with the lady who delivered me from the cruelty of her father. While I am blessed with your protection, I need no crown, and may be envied by the greatest monarchs.

To recompence prince *Aly* for the services he had done to *Aboulcasem*, the califf sent him his credentials, and constituted him king of *Basra*: but judging *Aboulfatab*'s crime too heinous to be forgiven, commanded *Giasar* to shut him up in a dark tower during his life. When the inhabitants of *Bagdad* were informed, that it was the injured person, who begged the life of his betrayer, they extolled him to the skies.

A few days after *Aboulcasem* returned to *Basra* with his beloved *Dardanè*, attended by a detachment of the califf's guards, and a great number of officers.

The



*The History of King RŪZVANSCHAD, and
of the Princess CHEHERSTANY.*

R*uzvanschad*, a king in *China*, went one day a hunting, and happened to meet with a white doe, speckled with blue and white spots, with rings of gold upon her feet, and on her back a yellow satten, border'd round with silver embroidery. The prince, eager to pursue the game, put his horse to full speed, in hopes of taking the doe. But she ran with such rapidity, as eluded his pursuit; and he had lost all thoughts of recovering her again, till she came in sight of him. She reposed herself by the side of a fountain, to rest from her late fatigue. Upon seeing her the second time, he put his horse to full speed; but his endeavours to take her were fruitless. The doe observing him to approach her, rising lightly, after making two or three bounds upon the earth, plunged herself into the water, and disappeared.

The king of *China* instantly leaped from his horse, and made diligent search after his prey; but not being able to discover it, was struck with
ama-

amazement, and his visier, with the other attendants, were no less surprized. The king, after a short pause, said, he could not imagine that what he saw was a real doe, but rather a nymph, who in that shape made it her delight to delude the hunters. The courtiers were of the like opinion.

Ruzvanshad, in the interim, fixed his eyes upon the fountain, and sighed. I am resolved, says he, to pass the night here. Curiosity obliges me to watch this nymph: I think I shall see her anon rise out of the water. He accordingly sent back all his retinue excepting the visier. They laid themselves down upon the grass, and talked about the white doe till night came on; when the king, tired with the chase, began to want sleep. *Muesin*, says he, to the visier, do you watch while I go to rest. Never turn your eyes from the fountain, and if any thing happens, awaken me. The visier, much fatigued, began to grow drowsy, and soon after fell asleep likewise. They both chanced to awake at the same time; starting up at the sound of a ravishing harmony, which seemed at no great distance from them, then cast their eyes round, and saw a magnificent palace finely illuminated. *Muesin* whispers the king, What can this mean? This, sir, says the visier, is something more

more than natural ! Would to heaven we had abandoned the fountain ! This palace is, perhaps, a decoy, made by some magician to take your majesty. Be it what it will, says the prince, fear not ; let us go to it.

Maesin, seeing his master not in the least terrified, said no more. They both went up to the palace, and found the gates open. They entered into a large hall floored with *Cbina*, furnish'd with sofa's and tapestry of gold brocade, perfumed with the choicest odours. Seeing no person here, they advanced forwards into another, where sat a young lady upon a throne of gold, covered with jewels. She was of a surpassing beauty, and seemed attentive to fifty or sixty damsels, some of whom were singing, and others playing upon the lute. Their habits were rose-colour'd taffata, thick sown with pearls, and they stood before the throne. *Razvanfcbad*, tho' transported with the music, was much more so with the lady. When the damsels saw the prince, the music ceased. After paying his obeysance, he went into the middle of the hall, and thus address'd the lady. "O charming princess ! ruler of hearts ! the very sight of whom has added to the number of your slaves the sovereign lord of *Cbina*. May I humbly

“humbly crave the name of so wonderful a nymph, whose beauty is so irresistible?” The lady smiling, answer’d: ‘I am a doe, who lead Lyons captive: I am the game which you this day pursued, and which jumped into the fountain.’ But, Madam, replies the prince, What am I to think of this metamorphosis? How can I be convinced that what I now see is not a false appearance? This, sir, replies the lady, is my natural shape, which I can change when I please. I shew myself to men, and vanish from their sight. That I may form myself into what shape I will, is a prerogative given to me by heaven, even from my birth.

This said, she descended from the throne, went to the king, took him by the hand, and led him into an upper room to a table cover’d with the choicest delicacies. Here she made him and the visier sit down, placing herself between them. *Muesin* suspected some ill event; but the king was so captivated with her beauty, that he became incapable of reflection. He would have carved for her, but she refused, saying, Do you two eat, the very smell of meat, or perfumes, is nourishment sufficient for me and my attendants.

When

When the prince and his minister had done eating, two damsels presented to each of them a cup of agate, filled with wine of a purple colour; which was replenished as soon as they drank it. They brought the lady wine also, but she would not drink it, and only smelted to it; which had the same effect upon her, as the liquor itself had upon her guests. Warmed with the liquor, the king said a thousand passionate things to her. The lady replied, Tho' you are a being, sir, far inferior to mine, I cannot help loving you. To let you know the value you should set upon the conquest you have made, I am willing to inform you who I am. There is an island in this sea called *Cheberistan*, which is inhabited by genies, and governed by a king whose name is *Menoutcher*; I am his only daughter, and my name *Cheberistany*.

'Tis now three months since I left my father's court, purely to see the different countries inhabited by the sons of *Adam*. I like to travel, and have encompassed the whole world; being now upon my return, I happened to see you hunting. I gazed upon you, and found a sudden disorder within myself. My breast heaved; I sighed, and, in spite of my reason, became your captive.

I yielded

I yielded to the tender emotions of my heart, which slay'd me here; and now only studied how to make myself agreeable to you. For this purpose, I took upon me the form of a white dove. You pursued me, and when I had thrown myself into the fountain, you cannot imagine with what pleasure I saw you examine the water. I took this for a good omen. When I found you resolved to stay there all night, I was transported at your uneasiness. While you slept, I raised up this palace to receive you. The genies that wait on me, built it in an instant. She was going on when a damsel enter'd in great trouble. The princess observing in her looks the sorrowful news, burst into tears. The prince of *China*, pierced to the heart at her grief, was impatient to know the cause of it; when the damsel, who was just arrived, came up to the princess, and said; O queen! you know that the genies, tho' their term of years is much longer than the sons of *Adam*, are nevertheless subject to death. You have lost the king your father, hasten therefore to receive the homage of your new subjects. The grand vizier my father commanded me to bring you without delay.

Maisona, answers the princess, it is enough, I will recompense your father's zeal, and go with you this instant. Adieu prince, said she to *Rusvansbad*. Then reaching out her hand, he kissed it with transport; and she added, I must leave you; but be assured, a day will come, when I will meet you again. After these words she disappeared. The light of the tapers that shone in the palace was all gone, and darkness ensued. The king and the visier remained till day-break, which gave them a fresh surprize. They fancied themselves to be still in the palace, but found nothing but a barren desert around, without any appearance of a house.

Muefin, says the prince, casting his eyes about, Is this all a dream? No, no, says the visier. The lady, we have seen, is some foul forcerefs, who, to inspire you with love, has taken the form of a fair nymph; and all those damsels are so many demons devoted to her charms. But the king would not be prevailed upon to forfeit the good opinion he had received of the lady. He returned to his palace, resolving to keep up a lively and tender remembrance of her. And, indeed, he was so far from forgetting her, that he abandoned all his pleasure, and took no delight to hunt, but in the place

place where the white doe was, in expectation of seeing her again.

He had now loved this lady almost a year, and began to fear that his love was fixed upon a phantom; when he resolved to travel, in hopes that variety of objects might insensibly wear out the impression she had made upon his mind. He left the management of his kingdom to the visier, and set out one night by himself upon a fine horse, with a saddle and bridle covered with gold, and enriched with rubies and emeralds. His habit was very magnificent, and he girded about him a large scymetar, in a scabbard studded with diamonds.

Having passed over his own territories, he arrived on the borders of *Thebet*, and made for the capital of the kingdom. When he came within two short days journey of it, he stopped a while under a tree. Scarcely was he alighted from his horse to repose himself, when he perceived a lady under another tree hard-by, who seemed to be about eighteen years old. She lay upon the ground with her head reclined on one hand. By the air of her countenance, he thought some misfortune had befallen her. Tho' her garments

were torn, her beauty appeared, and it was easy to see that she was a person of some rank. *Ruz-vansched* approaching her, offered his assistance, and asked who she was. She answer'd, "I am the daughter and the wife of a king, and yet I am not what I say: and I am a princess; and am not what I am."

The king knew not what to make of the young lady, and imagined she had lost her senses. Madam, says he, recollect yourself; I will serve you as far as in my power lies. Sir, says she, it is no wonder you look upon me as a distracted woman. What I told you may seem to be void of sense; but you will pardon me, when you know my misfortunes, which, in return for your generosity, I will relate.



*The History of the young King of THEBET,
and of the Princess of the NAIMANS.*

I am the only daughter of a king of the *Naimans*. When he died I was proclaimed queen by the general consent of my subjects, tho' but four years old. During my minority the government was

was put into the hands of the vizier *Aly-Ben-Haytan*, who married my nurse, and whose capacity was very well known. This wise minister had the care of my education. He instructed me in the art of government, and when I was almost ripe to manage it, fortune, who gives and takes away crowns as she pleases, tossed me from a throne into the most wretched condition of life. Prince *Mouïaffac*, my uncle on the father's side, who was thought to have been slain in a battle against the *Mogols*, came into the country of the *Naimans*. Some of the grandees who had formerly been in my interest, seconded his ambition, and raised a rebellion which the vizier could not quell. All my subjects were seduced, and declared for *Mouïaffac*.

As soon as the usurper was crowned, his chief business was to secure my person, with intention to kill me; but the vizier *Aly*, and my nurse his wife, contrived to convey me from the tyrant's fury. They carried me safe from *Albasin* by private roads to the borders of the kingdom of *Thebet*. We settled in the capital, where the vizier set up for an *Indian* painter, and I passed for his daughter. He was a great master in the art of painting, which he had learned in his youth, and

soon acquired applause. Notwithstanding we had with us jewels, and might have appeared in splendor, we were satisfied with a meaner station, as if we all depended upon *Aly's* pencil. We were afraid of *Mouïaffac's* spies, and dreaded his suspicion.

In this situation we lived two years. I insensibly forgot my former grandeur, and every day imbibing new sentiments agreeable to my misfortunes, I rendered this obscurity to me habitual. I looked upon my self as the daughter of a private man, and if at any time I recollected the high station of which I was once possessed, I considered it only as a burden from which I was disengaged. I forgave fortune, that took from me the cares which attend on sovereign power, and enjoyed a perfect tranquility. Would to heaven I had passed all my days in this happy condition. But it was not my lot. The decrees of fate are irresistible, and it is as much in vain to avoid ill fortune, as it is impossible to prevent it.

The visier had finished some pieces so well, as caused the admiration of all that beheld them. The king heard of them, and came in person to see them. He was so very much pleased with the
per-

performances, and with *Aly's* conversation, that he staid some time. While they were talking, I, led by curiosity, came into the room; not imagining the king would take the least notice of a painter's daughter. But I was mistaken. He fixed his eyes upon me, while he continued discoursing with the visier, and I retired. The next day he came again, and repeated his visits every day, under pretence of looking after paintings. He insisted to go into all the rooms, and never failed to come into that where I was. He said nothing to me, tho' I plainly discovered by the ardour that sparkled in his eyes, the sentiments of his heart.

In a subsequent visit he made the visier an offer of a large pension, with an apartment in his palace, pretending that he had a mind to keep so rare an artist in his own dominions. *Aly* guessed at the motives of this proposal, and saw its consequences. I see, says he, my queen, the king of *Thebet* loves you. This passion, not my paintings, have caused him to make these offers. We must go to reside in the palace, where he will daily entertain you with his love: but remember your birth, and instead of yielding to him upon dishonourable terms, resist his tenderness, unless he

will make you a partner of his crown. If he has other hopes, we shall find means to elude them. I promised to follow the visier's advice; but never told him I had remarked the king's love before. Much less did I tell him the effect this discovery had upon me. The prince was young, beautiful, and fine shaped, and I could not help being touched with the same passion, which I had in him inspired.

I had determined to conceal my inclinations, if the prince's view was no other than to tempt my virtue; but he spared me this trouble. Soon after I came into the palace he declared his love to me, in the manner I could wish. From the first moment I saw you, says he, I was charmed with you. You have taken up my thoughts ever since, and I cannot live without you. But, how strong forever are my desires, think not that I shall ever treat you as a slave. I shall pay you the same respect as if you were the daughter of the king of *China*, and as a pledge of my faith, I will place you on the throne of *Thebet*. I thanked him for the honour he intended me, and gave him my history, with which he was sensibly affected. Dear princess, says he, It is evident that heaven has reserved for me the glory of avenging your cause. The traitor *Mouïaffac* shall suffer severely for his

usur-

usurpation. Consent to be married to me this day, and I will send ambassadors to declare war against him to-morrow. I renewed my thanks, and confessed to him, if my eyes had made any impression upon him, his likewise were not without their influence over me. He was charmed with this confession, kissed my hand with eagerness, and swore eternal love. He espoused me that very day, and our nuptials were celebrated throughout the city with great rejoycings.

The very next morning, pursuant to his promise, the king sent ambassadors to the country of the *Naimans*, who, on their arrival at the court of *Mouïaffac*, told that prince, their master had espoused me, and demanded him to restore the kingdom to me, and in case he refused, to declare war against him. *Mouïaffac* bid him defiance, and immediately orders were given to levy men through all the kingdom of *Thebet*. A numerous army was soon raised, and when the troops were in a readiness to march against the *Naimans*, there came deputies from the people, to assure me of their obedience, and to inform me of my uncle's death. Hereupon the king disbanded his army, and resolved to send *Aly* to rule in my name. He was now ready to set out, when an adventure,

the most unexpected that can be imagined, put a stop to his journey.

I went one evening into my closet, and sitting upon a sofa, to read a chapter in the alcoran, which when I had finished, I rose to find the king, who was gone to bed. On a sudden I saw a frightful apparition before me, which vanished in a moment. I screamed out, and awoke the king, who ran to me, and demanded the reason; which I told him; and, fortified by his presence, was only the coinage of imagination, heated with reading. The prince, pausing awhile, replied, I am more surpris'd than you; I cannot conceive how you can be in my bed, and in this closet, at the same time. Sir, said I, I do not understand you. Nay then, added he, come to the bed, and you will see the most surprising sight in the world. Coming to the head of the bed, I beheld a young lady, who resembled me to a miracle. O heaven! cried I, what prodigy is this? — Ah! traitrefs, says the lady, what impudence is this? What is thy design thou wicked forcerefs? Dost thou believe the king, my husband, is to be deluded by thy artifices? My husband sees plainly thou art but a wretch. Then addressing to the prince, added, cause this perfidious creature to be seized, and

and cast into a dungeon, and to-morrow let her be burned, to expiate her criminal purposes.

If the perfect resemblance, which this woman has of me, says the queen of the *Naimans*, astonishes me; her insolent manner of speaking furnishes me still more. Instead of making her an adequate answer, I burst into tears, and afterwards said to the king, Sir, I had reason to believe after my destiny was united to yours, my miseries were at an end. But alas! some demon, envying my happiness, borrows my form, and resolving to pass for me, has attained her ends. View me well. If your wife still remains dear to you, sure you may distinguish her from any impostor. I call heaven to witness that I am the queen of the *Naimans*.

Here the lady in bed again interrupted her. You say false, says she, you are a wicked woman, as is seen by your behaviour. Cease, says the king to us: I am at a loss to recollect my wife. One of you seeks to seduce me. I am afraid under my present uncertainty, that in punishing the deceiver, I should execute my vengeance upon the innocent.

In

In this doubt, he called in the chief of the eunuchs, and commanded him to confine us in separate apartments, where we lay all that night. In the morning the prince sent for *Alv* and his wife, and told them what had happened. They desired to see us both together, not doubting but they should be able to know me. But upon examination, they could not distinguish the true from the counterfeit person. Moreover, my nurse remembering that I was born with a mole on my knee, looked at us both, and found us both marked alike. They then began to interrogate us separately. The lady answered their questions just as I did; but my nurse looked upon my answers to be the more exact, and decided in my favour.

Her decision was of small service. For the king having assembled all the viziers; they judged the lady who was in bed, was the real queen, the forcerefs, and ordered me to be burnt at the stake. The king was against this cruel sentence, least he should put his wife to death by mistake, ordered me only to be stripped of my robes, to be covered with old clothes, and put out of the city. I am come thus far, supported by the alms of well disposed persons. This is my history. I
hope

hope you will not think I spoke like one out of her wits, when I told you, "That I am the daughter and the wife of a king, and yet that I am not what I say: that I am a princess, and am not what I am." Here the queen of *Thebes* concluded. *Razvnschad* comforted her, and said, Madam, your miseries are at the height. From this day your fortune will change for the better. One of our poets says, when any thing arrives at full perfection, it touches upon the period of declension; and that the extreams of misfortune border upon felicity. Expect ruin, says the same author, when thy happiness is compleat, and prepare for joy, when adversity presseth. Heaven in this manner has chequered human life. To convince you of this truth, hear the following story.



The History of CAVERSCHA.

The king of *Hyrkania*, whose name was *Codovende*, had a visier called *Caverscha*, a man of superior knowledge, and great experience. Going one day to bathe himself, as he was standing over the water, he dropped his ring into the
bathe

bath, which, instead of sinking, floated upon the surface. Struck with this prodigy, he ordered his servants to convey all his riches out of his house, and hide them in a place where he directed, saying at the same time, The king my master will soon send to have me apprehended. His officers had not carried them all off, when the captain of the guards came with soldiers to the house, and told him he had orders to carry him to prison. The visier went with him, while the soldiers seized all that was left behind. This unhappy minister, whom the king had imprisoned upon false reports, lay several years in chains, and was denied the liberty of seeing his friends.

He had for a great while desired leave to eat some *Rommanaschi*, but was refused it, to make his confinement more severe. One day the keeper brought a mess out of pity, in a *China* basin. The visier highly rejoiced, was now preparing to eat it, when two rats, as they were fighting fell into it; so that he was not able to eat. But he sent orders to his domestics to go and take his riches from the place where they were hid, and carry them back to his house; because, said he, the king will soon release me, and re-establish me in my former grandeur. *Codovende* set him at liberty

liberty that very day, and sending for him, said, I am convinced of your innocence, have ordered your enemies to be strangled, and reinstate you in your former dignity.

Now the friends of *Coverscha*, who knew what had passed, asked him how he could foretell that he should be imprisoned, and afterwards set at liberty. When my ring floated upon the water, said he, I judged that my glory was arrived to the highest pitch, that my good fortune, incapable of any increase, was now, according to the decrees of heaven, about to change into adversity. When I was in prison, and begged so long, for *Rommanaschy* without success, I plainly saw my ill fortune would continue; but when it was brought, and the rats fell into it, they presaged to me, that my extreme misery would be turned into joy.



The history of RUZVANCHAD.

Be cast down no longer, madam, continues the king, you are now upon the brink of happiness. Follow my example. Alas! I cannot tell, whether

whether I am not plagued with a frightful demon, as well as you. Here he discovered himself, and related the story of the white doe, &c.

Scarce had he ended his narration, when they saw a young man on horseback, almost naked, riding full speed. He passed so near them, that the queen knew him, and cried out, O heavens! see my husband! But he never cast his eyes that way. He seemed to be in great confusion, and in the midst of his hasty flight, often looked behind him, as if he was fearful of being pursued.

Ruzvanchad and the queen of *Thebet* looked earnestly after him, but before he got out of sight, they saw another horseman, spurring on after him. The rider of this last was richly clothed, and had in his hand a drawn sabre, stained with blood, impatient to overtake the other. The princess, when she saw him likewise, cried out, O heaven! see my husband! The king of *China*, confessed his astonishment, and owned he never saw two persons more alike. Sir, replies the queen, hence you may be convinced, that what I told you concerning myself is no fiction.

While they reasoned upon the singularity of this vision, a third person appeared, who, tho' he

he run with the same speed as the other two, yet he passed not without taking notice of *Ruzvanfchad* and the queen. This was the visier *Aly-Ben-Haytam*. He and the princefs immediately knew each other. He alighted from his horse, and throwing himself at her feet, said, Ah! madam, do I see you. Thanks for ever be to heaven for your preservation. If for a time it suffers vice to reign, and abandons the innocent, it is only in the end to make justice more exemplary. The king has slain the impostor, and, to complete his vengeance, now pursues a wretch, who by the power of charms assumes his likeness. I have not time to inform you of all that has passed at court, since you were cast out in so disgraceful a manner. Hasten madam, mount this instant, let us try to overtake him. No, sir, said the king of *China*, fatigue not the queen. Do you stay with her, and I will undertake to join the king your master. This said, he vaulting lightly into his saddle pursued him.

When he was gone off, *Aly* asked the queen who he was, who told him he was the king of *China*. Now, says the princefs, tell me after what manner the forcerefs was discovered. This morning, says the minister, the king and I went out

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to

to hunt, attended only by one slave. We were not far from home, before the king bethought himself, that he had forgot to tell the queen some matter of importance, so we returned. The king quitted his horse at the gate, where he ordered me to wait, and ran up the back stairs to the queen's apartment. I saw a man run down with a turban, almost naked, and very like the king: Ah! sir, said I, as soon as I saw him in this condition! Instead of making any answer, he ran to his horse, like a person terrified, mounted instantly, and galloped away. Fearing some mischief had befallen him I followed, and heard a voice behind me, calling, stay, visier, stay. Turning my head, I saw the king coming out of the castle, with fury sparkling in his eyes, and a cimeter in his hand. He ran in haste to meet me. Visier, says he, we have turned out the queen to take in a detestable woman, who by magick has taken her form. I have killed the traitress, and must do the like to the villain who assumed my likeness. He then mounted his horse to follow the enemy, and continues to hunt him down.

While *Aly* related these things to the queen, *Ruzvanſchad* followed the king of *Thebet*, who, pushed on by his resentment, at length overtook him,

him, and giving him a cut in his shoulder with his cimetar felled him to the ground, then leaped from his horse to finish his destruction. But the wretch begged his life, which the king granted upon condition he would tell him who he was, by what means, and for what reason, he appeared in his likeness, and a full account of all he wanted to know. Sir, answered the man, if your majesty pleases to pardon me, I will give you full satisfaction. And to convince you of this, I will begin, by resuming my own natural shape. This said, he took a ring off his finger, and appeared in the figure of a frightful old man. The king of *Thebet*, much surprized at this sudden transformation, was impatient to hear what more he had to say. Sir, added the wretch, you now see what I really am, and to satisfy you to the utmost, I will give you a particular account of my life.



The History of MOCHEL and DILNOUAZE.

Mochel proceeded; I am the son of a weaver of *Damas*, and my name is *Mochel*. My father was rich and covetous, and I being his only heir,

heir, found myself, at his death, master of a considerable fortune, for one of my birth. Instead of managing my income for the best, or making business my pleasure, I made pleasure my business. I kept company with women, but was particularly obliging to one young lady, whose inclination was as great towards me. She was witty and fair, but too much addicted to fraud and artifice. She had as many lovers as there are days in the year, and each of them thought himself the first in her favour, as she told him in private. Deluded by the fair promises she made, I believed all my rivals efforts were vain, and that I was the happy man. This fond notion increased my love, and love increased my expences. I sent *Dilnoûaze* presents very often, which were of so considerable value, that in four years I was entirely undone. My rivals also endeavoured to preserve her affections by gifts, and in short she grew rich with the spoils of her lovers.

When I had spent my all, I expected, as is usual among these sort of creatures, to be turned quite off from her presence. but she, tho' surprisingly interested, and a thorough-paced coquet, said to me one day, Perhaps, you imagine I shall now discard you. No, no, though you now make

make me no presents, I love you best, and seeing you are first ruined, I will in my turn let you experience my generosity. I intend you shall share with me all I receive from your rivals, and to repay you with interest what you have spent upon me. She gave me store of gold and silver, and I thought myself richer than ever. She put her whole confidence in me, and for many years we cohabited in this manner. Age now grew insensibly upon her, which deprived her of all her lovers. This was a great affliction to her. She grew inconsolable on being forsaken. What shall I do, said she? I must either end my days, or go into the desert of *Pharan*, and find out the sage *Bedra*. She is the most knowing magician in *Asia*. All nature is liable to her enchantments. I know her abode. She perhaps will give me something to make men love me in my old age. If you please, answered I, let me keep you company. She accepted the offer. We took Provisions, some presents for *Bedra*, and pursued our journey to the desert.

After we had travelled two days, *Dilnoiaze* chew'd me a mountain at a great distance from us, saying, the woman magician lives at the foot of that hill. We went forwards, and, coming to

the place, beheld a spacious cave, out of which flew a thousand ominous birds, or rather winged monsters, who filled the air with their hideous cries. When we came to the mouth of it, there was an iron lamp, by the dim light of which, we saw a little old woman sitting upon a large stone. This was *Bedra*: she had a large book open upon her knees, and read before a furnace of gold, wherein stood a pot of silver, filled with black earth, and boiling without fire. We entered, and after paying a profound reverence to the old woman, gave her the presents, when *Dilnôüzæ* spoke thus: Hail! *Bedra*, to whom such power is given, I am come to implore your aid: I need not tell you my errand: you know it. I do, replies *Bedra*. Then fetched two phials, and carried them out of the cave. She then placed them upon the ground, and cast into each a gold ring, then opened thee book, and read some magic words. While this was doing, we saw fire break out of one phial, and out of the other a black smoke; which spreading itself thro' the air, ended in a clap of thunder.

When all was silent, and nothing more came out of the phials, *Bedra* took the rings out, and put one on *Dilnôüzæ's* finger, saying, Go, woman,

man, abandon thy heart to joy. The ring which I give you, so long as you have it upon your finger, has the power of giving to you the shape and features of any woman you have a mind to resemble. Only wish that you may represent any wife, or virgin, and in that instant you will be so like her, that it will be scarce possible to know one from the other. To you *Mœbel* I give the other ring, which has the same virtues. This said, she put the other ring on my finger.

We paid our compliments to the magician, took our leave, and returned to *Damas* to try the experiment. We first wished to resemble persons we knew, and found ourselves like them in every thing. *Dilnoûaze* soon after assumed the form of the most beautiful ladies in the city, to prostitute herself to her lovers. I also used my ring for diversion, and sometimes for theft, by now taking the likeness of one man, and anon of another. Having followed this Way of life for a considerable time at *Damas*, we left *Egypt*, and arrived at length in the land of the *Nâïmans*. There we had intelligence that a young princefs was on the throne, and that the visier *Aly-Ben-Haytam*, governed the state in her name; that his absolute authority caused animosities among the people,

who

who wished to see the prince *Mouïassac* in the country, who was killed, as they thought, in a battle fought at *Mogalistan*. Here, says *Dilnôüaze*, is a fair opportunity of getting a Crown. Take upon you the form of prince *Mouïassac*.

This, thought I, is no hard task. When I had previously informed myself of every particular circumstance relating to *Mouïassac*, I wished myself like him, and instantly became his very image. I first shewed myself to his friends, who received me with joy, and to whom I made known my design. They promised me assistance. Soon after the whole kingdom was up in arms. The people of *Albassin* opened the gates of their city to me, proclaimed me king of the *Naimans*, and swore obedience. For my greater security, I resolved to sacrifice the young queen and the vicer to my ambition. But *Aly* saved his own life and that of the princefs, by leaving the kingdom with as much secrecy as diligence. In the mean time I remained in quiet possession of the throne, and *Dilnôüaze* passed for my queen. Our days were all days of pleasure, till we learned, sir, from your ambassadors, that you had espoused the queen of the *Naimans*, and would declare war against me, if I did not instantly give up the crown,

crown, which I with-held from her so wrongfully. I returned a haughty answer, as if I set you at defiance; but at the same time was much terrified. I immediately consulted *Dilnoüaze*, what was most adviseable to be done in this affair. We considered that you was greatly superior in power, determined to quit the throne, and resolved to avenge ourselves upon the queen of *Naimans*.

The method we took was this: I took the form of a sick person for some days, then borrowed that of a corpse, to persuade the people I was dead. My funerals were celebrated, and *Dilnoüaze* came by night and opened the sepulchre where I was laid; after which we departed out of *Albafin* in our natural shapes, and took the road to *Tebet*, where we saw the deputies enter, which were sent to the queen to inform her of the death of prince *Mouïaffac*, and assure her, they acknowledged her for their lawful sovereign. Upon this news you disbanded the army, and determined to intrust the visier *Aly* with the government of the *Naimans*. Now I and *Dilnoüaze* got one evening into the palace in the form of one of the queen's eunuchs, and she in that of a young slave. After this we got into your apartment, when you was in Bed, and the queen in her closet reading in the

Alcoran. When your lady was coming out of her closet to you, I put on the appearance of a terrible phantom. She cried out; and I vanished. I need not trouble you with what followed, when I this day counterfeited the resemblance of your majesty. This, sir; is my history. I agree, that for these foul crimes I deserve death; and if your majesty pleases to punish a wretch who owns himself unworthy to live, I willingly submit. The king answered, I should rid the earth of such a monster! But since I have given thee my promise to spare thy life, I will not forfeit my word. I will only take the ring, that fatal instrument of thy wickedness, and may thy decrepitude be thy punishment.

The king had scarce done speaking, when he observed *Rúzvanšêbad* making up to him with full speed; and judging by his attire, that he was a person of rank, as such consider'd him. *Rúzvanšêbad* alighted from his Horse, saluted him, and said: Prince, I am the messenger of good news: The queen lives; and notwithstanding her banishment from *Thebet*, you have it in your power, to see her this night. O heavens! says the king, is it possible that she should be alive after the hardships she has suffered. But, as you, sir, continued

tinned he, seem to be informed of the wonders which have been done in my court, tell me, sir, who you are, and let me know how much I'm obliged to you. I am a stranger, says the king of *China*, and at a fitter opportunity I shall tell you my name. I found your queen by accident. She told me her sad story, and the visier *Aly* informed me of the rest. He is now with the princess, and I came to conduct you to her. Full of impatience to revisit his true wife, the king of *Thébet* left the wretched *Mochel* upon the place, after he had taken from him the ring, and instantly returned with *Ruzvanshad*.

They rode together to the place where *Aly* and the queen sat. The king quitted his horse in a hurry, and opening his arms to receive the princess, she made forward to embrace him. Madam, said he, What notions must you have hereafter of a husband, who has treated you so inhumanly. But alas! To what height soever I have carried my cruelty, you should not hate me, since I have avenged you of your enemies. Sir, replies the queen, let us forget what is past, your mistake is pardonable, and your error a sufficient excuse for my sufferings. No, says the king, my error is inexcusable. Whatever remembrance

blance that accursed woman might have borrowed of you, I ought to have distinguished, by the sentiments of your heart, and your wit; in both which she was very deficient.

Their first transports, occasioned by this unexpected interview, being over, the queen asked her husband, how he came to be undeceived. I went, says the prince, privately up the back stairs to your apartment, and saw a man in bed with my supposed wife. Enraged, I drew my cimeter, to make a sacrifice of the lovers. The man eluded the blow, and ran away. Instead of pursuing of him immediately, I resolved to rid myself first of a perfidious wife. She was now got up, and fell at my feet for pardon. As she stretched out her hands, I cut off one, which had a ring upon the finger. She no sooner lost that but her beauty disappeared, and I saw a frightful hag before me. Ah! Prince, said she, by cutting off my hand, you have robbed me of that beauty which deluded you. Deprive me not of my life; I have sufficient punishment in seeing you abused. No, no, wicked forceress, said I, thou hast been the cause of my treating the queen so unworthily, who must by this time have finished a wretched life. After these words I raised my cimeter,

cimeter, and struck off her head; then pursued the cursed wretch, who had borrowed my form and features. And it was the will of heaven, that he should not escape my vengeance. The queen thus far satisfied; he went on to relate what had passed between him and *Moschel*, which the prince and the visier heard with equal attention and surprise. When the king had finished his narration, he turned to *Ruzvanscbad*, saying, Noble stranger, who have so generously contributed to my happiness; what marks of gratitude does your heart require of me? speak. When *Ruzvanscbad* was preparing to make answer, the queen prevented him, saying, I perceive, sir, you know not to whom you address this discourse. He is the king of *China*. When the king of *Thebet* was thus informed, he asked his pardon, and they embraced several times; then went together to the king of *Thebet's* palace, where he was entertained in a princely manner for some days, then taking leave of his royal hosts, went to his own dominions.

The



*The Continuation of the History of Ruz-
VANSCHAD, and of the Princess*

CHEHERISTANY.

Ruzvanschad, now being safe arrived at his own palace, told the visier the strange adventure of the king and queen of *Thebet*. *Muezin* was astonished at it, and represented to his master that *Cheheristany* was also an enchantress, which the king now began not to doubt of.

One morning when all the nobles came to the palace as usual, and waited for this prince, no person could tell where he was, or what was become of him. All they knew was, that he fell asleep upon a sofa the night before, and had not been seen since. Several weeks passed without the least intelligence of him. All the courtiers grieved for the loss of their sovereign. They dyed their faces yellow, gave themselves up to mourning, and strewed roses before the throne.

The visier, who loved his master exceedingly, grew disconsolate for the loss of him. While they grieved

grieved in this manner, *Razvanshad* was complaining his happiness in the island of *Cheberistan*, where he was carried by the order of *Cheberistany*. This princess, after she was proclaimed queen, applied herself to the affairs of government, but soon finding that her love for the king of *China* daily increased, and being very sensible of his constancy, resolved to perform her promise. To this purpose she ordered him to be carried off by a genie, and brought to her palace. When he saw the queen, he cried out, Ah! Divine princess, have I the pleasure to see you once more? Alas! I durst not flatter myself with so great a favour, I really thought you had forgot me. No, replies the queen, absence has not the same effect upon genies as upon the sons of *Adam*. It never shakes our constancy. Tho' I am but a son of *Adam*, replies the prince, I am in point of fidelity, madam, equal to any genie. Ah! my queen, continues he, with a sigh, with what impatience did I long to see you? Ah! sir, replies the princess, since your love has flood the trial, we will this very day unite ourselves for ever.

The king of *China* swore eternal love to her. After which, all the chief nobles of the realm, with the people, were summoned before the palace,

lace, where the queen made the following speech to them.

“Ye great, and ye inferior genies,”

“As you invested me with the fovereign power,
“after the death of *Menoutcher*, my father: I do
“hereby declare, that I will soon espouse the
“prince *Ruxvanscbad*. I order you for this reason
“to shew him all due respect, as your lord and
“master.”

When she had thus said, she led him forward to the sight of the people. They all applauded her choice, and made no scruple to crown him king of *Cheberistan*.

After his coronation, preparations were made for the celebration of their marriage. But before this was performed, the queen insisted that he should promise her one thing, which, says she, will tend to our future happiness; and if you should at any time break this promise, we shall be miserable. Let me know what it is, madam, says the king, you need only speak, I am ready to perform all you require. Know then, sir, I am a genie, and, says she, you are a son of *Adam*. We have laws and customs peculiar to ourselves.

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In a word, it is impossible we should continue long together, if you do not blindly comply with me in all things. Is this madam, says *Ruzvanshad*, that severe trial which you suspect me to be incapable of? Believe me I shall never have any will but yours. Well then, replies the princess, you promise that if I chance to do any thing in your fight which is not agreeable to you, that you will not reprove me for it. Yes, my queen, said he, I swear to approve them all; and if you doubt my complaisance is not equal to my love, you will disoblige me for ever. Enough, replies *Cberistany*, I sit down by your oath. Never think I shall ask any unreasonable compliance. The genies do nothing which is improper.

Now the queen caused *Ruzvanshad* to ascend a throne of gold, and placing herself by him, while the nobles stood in ranks before them, and the princess's women on each side. The nobles paid their homage to the new king, and performed some ceremonies, peculiar to beings of that kind. Then their nuptials were celebrated, by festivals and rejoicings for three days. The king, pleased with his success, made it his whole business to please his consort; and consecrating his time to diversions, he for a while lost even the remembrance of his native country. About twelve

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months after *Cheberistany* was delivered of a prince, extremely beautiful. All the people made fresh rejoycings, and the king, transported to have a son by his charming *Cheberistany*, continually returned his thanks to heaven for the blessing. When the news was brought to the king, he was a hunting, but instantly came to see the babe. He took it in his arms, and having kissed him gently, gave him back to the queen, who was sitting by a great fire, and threw him immediately into it, and that very instant, O miraculous event! the fire and the infant, both disappeared.

This strange incident much afflicted the king; but how great soever his grief was on the occasion, he did not shew it, remembering the oath he had taken. He retired into his closet, to indulge his sorrow, and melting into tears, said, Heaven grants me a son; his mother throws him into the flames! Am I not very wretched! O mother devoid of nature! O cruel. — But no more, adds he, I may disoblige the queen, if I relate my grief! Let me prevail upon myself to think that the prince's acts not contrary to reason. Notwithstanding the strong tendency of his heart to reproach her with the death of his heir.

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The next year the queen was delivered of a princess, whose beauty was far superior to that of the prince. She was called *Balki*. The king was again ravished with her beauty. Not many days after she was born, there appeared in, and about the palace, a great white bitch, with her mouth wide open. *Cheberistany*, observing her, said, Here, take this child and the cradle. The bitch instantly ran to the cradle, took it in her mouth and went away.

No pen can express how the king was troubled at this sight. Remembering the oath he had taken, he retired into his closet, there recollecting the sad fate of his son, and the cruel usage of his daughter. Inhuman *Cheberistany*, said he, is it thus you treat my children? I abhor your customs and laws. Your laws without doubt direct, that when the genies marry with us men, their children should perish. And shall I thus be devoted to her will? No, notwithstanding all the tenderness I have for her, I will not bear with these barbarous Customs.

However, tho' the king was much concerned for the loss of his children, he had prudence enough to conceal his grief from the queen. The island of *Cheberistan* became his aversion, and he resolved to return to *China*. Hereupon, he one

day said to the princefs, I long to revisit my people in *China*, who are now impatient of my abſence. I conſent, ſays the queen, that you ſhould ſatisfy their deſires. I know the *Mogols* are raiſing a powerful army againſt you. Begone, and preſerve your empire. I will ſoon pay you a viſit. She immediately ordered a genie to take the king back; and he ſoon found himſelf in his own palace.

Muezin, proſtrated himſelf before him, ſaying, Heaven at laſt has reſtored you to your people. Your ſubjects deſpairing of ſeeing you again, conſidered the kingdom upon me: but now beholding my lord and maſter, I quit the throne, and deſire you to aſcend it. The king, after this, related his adventures to *Muezin*, at which he fell into aſtoniſhment.

Soon after the *Mogols* enter'd *China*, not doubting of an entire conqueſt. This news was brought to *Ruzvanſchad*. He marched againſt them, having preſiouſly filled a magazine with proviſions of all kinds for the ſupport of his army, in a vaſt plain, at a proper diſtance from the enemy. The officer, who had the charge of theſe proviſions, was called *Wely*. As the king was going to take upon himſelf the command of his army, *Chebe-riſtany* appeared to him, accompanied by ſeveral genies;

genies; who destroyed all his provisions in the magazine, let out his liquors, and left nothing either for him or his army to eat or drink.

Hereupon the princefs said to *Wely*; Go tell the king, that the queen his wife has committed this disorder. He posted away to *Ruzvansabad*, and told all the queen had done; who said, Even the death of my children is less excusable than this action. But while he was fired with indignation, the princefs came to him. Madam, says he, I can no longer keep silence. You have already destroyed my son and daughter, and now make a manifest attempt upon my life and glory. O ungrateful! Is it thus you repay my affection? See my army, by your means, deprived of provisions.

Ah! weak and imprudent prince, replies the queen. Why did you not restrain your tongue? The hard fate which I dreaded is now fixed. Little do you think, that the fire into which I cast your son, was a wise salamander, to whom I intrusted his education; and the bitch was a fairy, who sued to me to have the management of your daughter. They both answer my expectations, and breed up the prince and his sister in a polite manner; of which truth you shall this instant bear testimony. To this end she immediately commanded one of the genies to bring them that moment. They

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came; but none, excepting the king, were permitted to see them.

The king of *Cbina* was so much ravished with the sight of his children, that he lost all thoughts about his provisions. He hugged, kissed, and embraced them one after another; while *Cheberistany* added, Sir, I must now inform you, why I destroyed your provisions. The king of the *Mogols*, to accomplish his designs, had prevailed with your perfidious minister *Wely*, for a thousand sequins of gold, to take away your life, and destroy your army by poisoning your provisions. By this stratagem your generals, captains, &c. must have perished, had I not prevented their destruction. Make him eat a piece of biscuit before you, and observe the consequence. The king ordered *Wely* to be called, and some of the scater'd provisions to be brought. They fetched him a box of sweetmeats as yet entire, sealed with the visier's signet. The king commanded it to be opened, and bid the traitor to eat. *Wely* pretended he had no appetite. If you do not eat this moment, replies the prince, I will take off your head. The visier finding his death inevitable, tasted of the sweetmeats, and dropped down dead. I hope this will convince you, says the queen, that we genies do nothing without reason. Yes, Madam,

Madam, replies *Ruzvanschad*, I own myself to blame; but my army, who has escaped the poison, I fear must now perish by famine. Cease your fears, continues the queen, they shall be supplied to-morrow. Attack the enemy this night. You shall become master of their magazines, and return to your city in triumph.

In the dead of the night the princess with her guards led the *Chinefe*, and poured in upon the *Mogols* army, made a great slaughter, and totally defeated them, with the loss of a few men. All the equipage of the king of the *Mogols*, as well as the provisions for his army, which were in great abundance, became a prey to the conquerors. Now, says she to the king, when daylight appeared, see your enemies lie in the dust. The war is over. Return to your palace, and live undisturbed. As for me, I must leave you. There is a necessity we should be separated for ever. You will see me no more, and I shall never more see you. It is your own fault. Why did you not keep your promise? Ah! just heaven, cries the prince, What is it I hear? In the name of heaven! think no more of your fatal purpose. I repent that ever I failed in my word. Vouchsafe to pardon me. Your prayers and protestations are superfluous, says the princess, our laws compel me to leave you. Alas! was it in my power to pardon you, I would not be inexorable. Adieu prince! Farewel for ever, adds she, weeping. You lose at once your children and your wife. At these words, she and her children disappeared.

It is not in the power of words to express the king of *China's* sorrow on this occasion. He disguised his face, threw earth upon his head, and ex-

expressed all the actions of a madman. He took his army to the capital, and entering the palace, said to *Muezin*, govern you my empire. I leave my affairs to your management. Act as you think proper. I will pass the rest of my days in mourning for the loss of my wife and children; neither must you talk to me of any thing relating to my kingdom; but only of *Cheberistan* and my children. To indulge my grief shall be the business of my life. He accordingly shut himself up in his closet, and fell into a deep melancholy, and remained ten years in a languishing condition. He was upon his death bed, when the queen, full of grief, came into his apartment, saying, I come to put an end to your trouble, and to restore you to life. Our laws required, that to punish your perjury, I should keep from you ten years. Neither was I to return to you again, unless you had, during that time, persevered in your fidelity. But you have now convinced me that the sons of *Adam* can love with constancy. To complete your joys, continues she, you shall also see your children again. They immediately entered the room, to *Ruzvunshad*, who was transported at the sight of them. As he was the fondest father, and the most loving husband, his heart was divided with all the tender passions which conjugal and paternal love can inspire. He soon recovered, and these four persons lived together many years. After the death of the king and queen, the prince *Cheberistan*, their only son, reigned in *China*, and their daughter *Balkis* governed the island of *Cheberistan*, till she became the spouse of the great prophet *Salomon*.

...and they will be in the end.